



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



38.

499-





THREE MONTHS' LEAVE.



BY

W. G. ROSE, Esq.

60TH RIFLES.

“ We'll e'en to't like French falconers—fly at anything we see.”
SHAKSPEARE.

LONDON :
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1838.

499 .

LONDON:

PRINTED BY IBBOTSON AND PALMER,
SAVOY STREET.

P R E F A C E.

I HAVE in vain endeavoured, according to custom, to express in a sentence not exceeding two long words or three short ones, some idea of what the reader might expect to find in the following pages: it is therefore with the deepest regret that I can only leave all who feel any curiosity on this point the dreadful alternative of remaining in ignorance or—Buying the Book.

I shall not attempt either to disarm the critic, or bespeak the favour of the indulgent, by resorting to that species of apology which is only respectable for its antiquity, and usually begins thus:—“This little work, written to beguile the tedious hours of illness, and without the most remote view to publication —;” I

say I shall *not* offer this excuse, and for two most excellent reasons:—first, because I never was better in my life, and secondly, because it *was* written with a view to publication.

With *one* fact, however, less of apology than explanation, I *do* wish the reader to be acquainted; namely, that while employed in recording these most stirring adventures and sage reflections, I had no intention whatever that they should be published in my name; I wrote, therefore, with more cordiality (if I may use the word) and more freedom than I might probably have indulged in, had a species of second sight revealed to me the title-page which I now behold. But I trust that I never for one moment looked upon my intended incognito as a screen from behind which I might, in unmanly security, promulgate sentiments of which I felt ashamed, or put forth one syllable of personality or other unpleasant and obnoxious matter, of which I should be unwilling to avow myself the author. Being, then, sincere in this charming specimen

of self-praise, I have deemed it more *honest* not to erase or alter or otherwise patch up or mutilate any word or phrase whatsoever; besides, I *know* that thus it would lose in sincerity, and might not be improved in other respects.

There then :—I hurry the unpuffed and friendless volume *into* the world with much the same disadvantages touching “imperfections,” as his Majesty of Denmark laboured under when hurried *out* of it; but whether those imperfections be too numerous to be pardoned—too glaring to be overlooked; whether, in plainer terms, these fair leaves shall be permitted to flutter their little day in the sunshine of public favour, or whether they shall be immediately condemned to the ignominious fate of wrapping up pounds of butter and tallow candles, is a question which all may have a voice in deciding save your very obedient and humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.

June, 1838.



THREE MONTHS' LEAVE.

THE curious reader, on observing the above title to my journal, may reasonably expect to be informed, not only how to spend the “Three Months’ Leave,” but also how to get it—and the curious reader will doubtless be more anxious for full information on this head if he should, peradventure, be also a military reader. But the question is one, which, if discussed in a manner and at a length suitable to its *vast* importance, would of itself demand a far larger book than it is convenient either for a traveller to carry about with him, or for an idle man to

write : I must therefore content myself with one or two remarks, and then drop the subject with an amiable wish that all whom it may concern may be as fortunate in the attainment of it, as I confess I have been.

In the first place, I believe that in this as in most other things, Mrs. Fortune is made responsible for far more than she has anything to do with; which means to say, that that hero who is possessed of the most unblushing impudence and unwearied perseverance, will undoubtedly be the most successful in the attainment of Leave. But the perseverance must be perseverance deferential, and the impudence must be the impudence of conception rather than of execution. Of perseverance deferential the following will serve as a specimen: you mention to the commanding-officer that you should like leave of absence, provided you could be spared without inconvenience: he then tells you that he cannot possibly dispense with your services; but you nevertheless go to him every

day with the same petition, and although you every day receive the same answer, yet do you still continue to assert that you should like to go, *provided* you could be spared. The impudence of conception consists in your being able to apply for leave about six weeks after you have joined from fifteen months' absence, and endeavouring (though with all humility,) to prove that it is your fair turn. It behoveth also that the accomplished Leave-getter should be intimately acquainted with human nature, and the disposition of the man to whom he must apply. For example, there is the impartial Commanding-Officer—the weak Commanding-Officer—the jovial Commanding-Officer—the morose Commanding-Officer—the temporary Commanding-Officer—the uncertain Commanding-Officer—and many others, who all require to be attacked after a different fashion ; some prefer the facetious—others the pathetic—others the sincere—and so on : I have had some idea of writing a book on the subject for the use of young officers,

and it will perhaps appear some of these days; but for the present I can only lay down a few general rules for the guidance of those to whom Leave may be an object.

1st. Never refuse Leave, be it for ever so short a time.

2nd. Never imagine that it would be more convenient for you to go away at one time than at another.

3rd. As a general rule take the opportunity of mentioning the circumstance to the commanding-officer *after* dinner rather than before breakfast.

4th. Never speak of Leave before others of your own rank as a desirable thing; but on the contrary complain of the great expense it entails on you, and assert that after all you are never so happy as when living with your regiment.

5th. Of all things avoid being thought a useful man in the regiment, as this has ever been found to be highly detrimental to Leave.

Simple as these rules may appear, I think I

may venture to assert, that those who regulate their conduct thereby, will never be distanced in our great moral St. Leger—the Race after Leave.

Leave to a soldier is what mischief is to a schoolboy—talk to a woman—woman to man—tobacco to a Turk—it is all in all—in short, Leave is Life. Hem ! I have said one civil thing at all events, and if the ladies overlook it, — me, as Liston says, if I ever take the trouble to say another. To revert to the subject of Leave, such being my opinion of it, I will not insist on the sympathy of man or maid for the torments of doubt and apprehension which I endured for some four months immediately preceding the identical moment which my good genius whispered me was the fit one to bring matters to an issue; because since I gained my point I consider myself amply recompensed, more particularly as I succeeded in engaging my old travelling companion Berkeley to accompany me; in the effecting of which, suffice to say, that sundry

masterly manœuvres were performed on both sides. Gently, gently, good reader, I'll be off directly—it is an invariable rule of mine never to tempt fate by loitering on these occasions; one never knows what may happen—an ingenuous subaltern may have written a black-edged letter to himself, by the next packet, and demand Leave on that account; or another may intend going home with excruciating pains in all his bones—a most favourite disease, since no doctor can gainsay it.

Accordingly, having endured the smell of trunks and carpet-bags, which, with their usual concomitants, bits of rope, pieces of paper, hammers and nails, were scattered in delightful confusion about my barrack-room for two or three successive days; having also received the customary quantity of long bills and love-letters, and been cheated by the proper number of porters, boatmen, &c.,—we conveyed our two portmanteaus and ourselves on board the Ionian steamer, Heptanisos, a name so completely Greek that I

almost fancy I feel a sort of unpleasant tickling while I write it. I regret that I cannot give a full description of any tender parting scenes, since I never go through the form of wishing any one farewell, if I can help it: whether I am on this account more or less hard-hearted than my neighbours, I leave to the decision of any person who may be inclined to take the subject under his or her gracious consideration.

On my return on deck, after stowing away everything in my cabin, I was received by my good honest servant, who, deviating not one iota from that poker-like perpendicular that he is ever wont to observe, and looking just as if he had swallowed my sword, to keep it the safer until I came back, wound up his attentions with a “Good-bye, sir;” but said it, as I fancied, or rather perhaps flattered myself, in a tone that ill agreed with the formality and stiffness of the outward man; then facing to the right-about with the same precision as if he had been on parade, he marched off, and left me to my meditations.

Having, then, already made every arrangement which appeared to me necessary to secure the well-being of the Ionian Islands during my absence, I found myself fizzing past the citadel of Corfu at about seven o'clock on the morning of the 26th of June. In some four or five hours we *pulled up* at Paxo, where we landed poor S—— of the 53rd, who had been sentenced to a term of banishment in that desolate island. Poor fellow ! he had very wisely abstained from shaving that morning, lest the *temptation* might be too much for him.

On we went, and by five o'clock in the afternoon anchored at Santa Maura, where we landed, took a walk round the castle, and ate some dinner with the soldier-officers stationed there. By nine o'clock we were on board again, but had stayed long enough, it appeared, to work the captain up into a most tremendous rage, in which predicament he looked just about as ridiculous as people generally do under the same unfortunate circumstances ; so we wished him

“ A fair good night,
And rosy dreams and slumbers light,”

and betook ourselves to bed.

June 27th.—Light breezes. Captain better. Island of Cefalonia about ten miles a-head. Anchored at Argostoli at nine A.M.; here we landed some troops, and Berkeley and I, having performed our toilet, went and ate, certainly not our first, and I sincerely hope not our last, breakfast with my old friends the truly hospitable 53rd. We were soon under way again, and found the deck by this time considerably thinned of passengers. Early in the afternoon we reached Zante, where we were to remain until midnight. Having landed, and hired horses, we proceeded over the hill on which the castle stands, and took a peep at the plain, so famous both for its beauty and the excellent currants that are grown there. It reminded me very much of the plain of Grenada, only in miniature; but, this somehow or other, excited a more lively interest within me; per-

haps on account of having been extremely fond of plum-puddings in my youth—*apropos*, I must not forget to mention that we ate a very good dinner at the mess of the 73rd regiment; and very good it had need to be, for one of the first pieces of information that we got on landing was that there were twenty days' quarantine to be performed at Athens by all who had communicated with the Morea; and as we had now no other mode of proceeding to Constantinople than to be set down by the Heptanisos at Patras, and to work our way as best we could to Athens, there to be taken up by one of the French steamers, I think the news was quite enough to damp even a subaltern's appetite, unless tickled by the skill of some very superior artist. There is a most excellent piece of advice in everybody's mouth, which runs thus: “Believe half of what you see, and nothing that you hear.” I am not sure whether it would not be even a wiser plan to “believe everything that's agreeable, and nothing that is not;” because, at any rate, in this

case, even if bad news prove correct, you pass the intermediate time in comfort, which is something gained. A fig for the system of hoping for the best and being prepared for the worst ; which, though it sounds very heroic, is nothing at bottom but rank cowardice, and means to say, in plain English, “ Be in a fidget all the days of your life—sceptical at good tidings—miserable at bad—an enemy to yourself, and a nuisance to your friends.” So, true to my system, I took the liberty of looking at the whole story as a fabrication, and quaffed certain goblets of excellent claret, which assisted my philosophy not a little in dispelling any want of confidence which I might otherwise have felt in my new and comfortable theory. We left the mess at about eleven o’clock, and rode our broken-down hacks full gallop down the castle hill, at the bottom of which we nevertheless arrived in safety, and repaired once more on board the Heptanisos.

June 28th.—By nine o’clock in the morning we had reached Patras, this being my fourth

visit there during the last seven months. “What! a love affair?” No—strike me ugly, no such thing: although I *could* name two or three pretty creatures thereabouts, whose charms are not badly set off by the high red cap, rather inclining to the right side, and the silken cords of its long heavy tassel dancing on their soft fair shoulders. Gods! jealousy a crime! I could be jealous of a brass ear-ring—and as for a silk tassel under such circumstances—why, I am jealous of a chrysalis—jealous of a silk-worm—jealous of a mulberry leaf!

Patras, I should imagine, is well situated for commercial purposes, better perhaps than Corinth, since much time is frequently lost by ships navigating in the gulf, where, for the most part, such a thing is not known as a soldier’s wind; or, in other words, a convenient slant, which takes you either one way or the other. On the contrary, it either blows directly up or down the gulf, so that ships not unfre-

quently take a fortnight to perform a distance of only eighty miles. If there were a good road along the northern coast of the Morea, which there might very well be, no doubt Patras would soon rise from her ashes; as it is, it may be considered the most flourishing town in the Morea, although it seems little better than mockery to apply such a term to a place which, in appearance, scarce equals a second-rate English village. Again, besides being the most convenient spot for the disembarking of all imported goods coming from the westward into Greece, Patras has also an internal source of wealth in being surrounded by perhaps the most fertile soil in the world; and peculiarly adapted, like that of Zante, to the cultivation of currants, which, when properly understood and carefully attended to, yield a profit so enormous, as to be almost incredible. On a former visit here, I was told by a very intelligent man, that an acre of land commonly yielded the possessor a clear annual profit of forty pounds sterling. I

then asked what might be the purchase-money of such an acre, and was told not above eighty or a hundred pounds: such an apparent absurdity can only be explained by the extreme insecurity of such possessions in this infant state, (rather an old baby by the way;) add to which, the expenditure of time and money which is necessary to the bringing these lands under cultivation; however, this latter reason cannot go far in accounting for the great disproportion which I have just mentioned.

The first man we saw on landing was the master of what calls itself "*the hotel.*" When last we were here we attended, at his particular request, the moral execution of this gentleman, when "he led to the hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished," &c. &c.; on which occasion he appeared in a bran new blue garment, which, after various conjectures, I concluded was intended for an imitation of what we call a coat: shirt-collars, neckcloth, and frill, which appeared to have been manufactured

at Birmingham for exportation. Alas! such plumes contrasted strangely with the greasy fustian jacket, and ditto, "*what-d'ye-call-em's*" of the unwashed, unshaved, uncombed object, who now rushed forward and shook me by the hand with a warmth which made me think myself very lucky I got off without a *kiss*. It was but three short months since I left him the happiest man in the world; but the illusion had vanished—the dream was passed—the loving pair had found out that they were not the ethereal beings that haply they had once imagined; and seemed to have come to a tacit understanding that there was nothing to be gained by keeping up the amusing farce of imitation coats and cast-iron shirts any longer. At least, such was my wicked interpretation of the outward man; however, with due deference to the fair sex, I beg with all humility to confess that I *might* have been wrong.

Well—we proceeded with him to where "the best accommodation may be found on

the most reasonable terms," ordered breakfast, sent for passports, inquired after a country boat, in which to proceed up the gulf; and laid in a stock of bread, sausages, and cucumbers, which, with some wine and brandy we had brought with us, were to do duty as breakfast, dinner, and supper, until our arrival at Athens. We adopted this plan of proceeding by water, first, because Berkeley had broken his collar-bone but a fortnight before, and was not yet strong enough for a journey on horseback; and, secondly, because we had ridden from Patras to Corinth during a former tour. Talking of broken bones, &c., while we were sitting at breakfast, we discovered an ill-omened cur, who had come on tip-toes into the room, busily engaged in the demolition of our favourite Bologna sausage. What between indignation and grief, my feelings were so powerfully affected, that I sat still for a moment in speechless agony: far differently, however, did the justly infuriated Berkeley act under the

appalling circumstances ; for jumping up, he gave a kick which would, in all probability, have sent the unconscious Ponto to the tomb of his fathers, had not the leg of a friendly chair interposed and received it in full swing with the customary indifference of wooden antagonists. Poor Berkeley sank upon the bed, (for bedrooms and sitting-rooms in this part of the world are all in one,) and writhed under that peculiarly acute pain which invariably follows the sensation of your five toes having been driven into the ball of your foot. We took off the boot and stocking, and discovered one toe completely out of joint, and crumpled up in the most extraordinary manner in the world, with the knuckle sticking out underneath. “Send for a doctor,” was the first idea of course; but “unapt as I am to boast,” I flatter myself I am up to a simple dislocation, although I knock under to fractures ; so laying hold of the unhappy toe, I gave a pull with all my might, and “crack” went the joint into its place again. So the

medico was countermaned, the toe plastered up, and my skill in surgery established. I also delivered a lecture on the effects of giving way to passion, and made myself generally useful. We next proceeded to bargain with our captain about the price to be paid for our safe delivery at Leutrachia, which is situated at the head of the gulf on the Isthmus of Corinth. The *discerning* fellow took us for fools at once, and asked much more than was proper; so we proved that he was not mistaken in his conjecture by giving it him. But we had not a moment to lose; besides, if we *are* fools, why we can't help it. A few minutes found us on board his “light caique.” O gentle, sentimental, poetical reader, the “light caique!” Yes, the very article whose “sharp prow cleaves the dancing waves,” “its white wings flying;” in short,

“That walks the waters like a thing of life.”

but, inside, O heavens, inside! or, on board, I ought to say: you descend into the cabin (!) through a hole in the deck, which a chimney-

sweeper would think uncomfortably narrow; your olfactory nerves are saluted by a smell which, though surpassingly disgusting, you imagine you've smelt somewhere before; and when your sight has become accustomed to the darkness, you perceive that, with the exception of five feet by two and a half, the whole space below is filled (*horresco referens*) with—with—onions! The bottom of the boat is strewed with—let me see—you've beheld heaps of stones ready broken by the side of a turnpike road,—well—that's it exactly—and you've seen a poor devil perched *on* the said heap of stones, with a straw cushion to protect him from the sharp points thereof? Well—that's yourself, only *without* the straw cushion. The height of this apartment is sufficient for you to lie quiet on your back, with your nose in the cobwebs, that are festooned in the most elegant manner from the rafters which support the deck; but I defy you, by any possible ingenuity, to get up again without breaking your head. Nor let the bugs

and fleas be forgotten, for they are here to be found in numbers that laugh all beds to scorn : so much for the interior accommodation. There is nothing uncommon in the features of *the one* that now sits for its portrait, for—*me miserum*—I've been in many, and have always discovered a strong family likeness. No, no—the “light caique” looks extremely pretty at the end of a decasyllabic line, and rhymes as well as could be wished with “Greek,” “sneak,” and other words of like import; but take my advice, and never have anything to do with one out of an octavo volume neatly bound in calf.

We set sail with a light wind, but a favourable one, which however gradually increased to half a gale. Far be it from me to speak lightly, much less to deny the luxuries and advantages of voyaging by steam ; but assuredly there is nothing in the *navigating line* which makes the heart so leap with joy, and raises us for the time so much above ourselves, as it were, as being swept by a cracking breeze at the rate of



ten knots an hour towards the place of our destination ; if there *is* anything to be compared to it, it is being well mounted behind a clipping pack of hounds, and a good fox ; but I must not dwell on this latter joy, or I shall get pathetic, and that will never do. Although but a poor sailor, my delight at the prospect of such a favourable passage enabled me to do ample justice to the sausage, cucumber, and sherry, of which I have already made honourable mention, although, in good truth, we were buffeted about not a little. Lepanto was passed—Vostizza passed—and we were abreast of Delphi and Parnassus, ere

. . . “sank more lovely ere his race be run,
Along Morea’s hills the setting sun,”

and I hope he got a better bed than we did, for after a second edition of Sausage, Cucumber, and Co. we retired, and commenced the endurance of a night which, I verily believe, has no parallel, either in ancient or modern history.

Talk of adders, vipers, wasps, scorpions, and centipedes—they may be more deadly, but for the infliction of complicated torture, commend me to bugs and fleas, when they have an opportunity of a fair bout at you, and are in sufficient numbers. We really groaned in helpless agony. I got up in a short time and put on a new kind of vestment of my own invention, and which I had made at Corfu under my own especial superintendence; it consisted of shoes, stockings, trowsers, waistcoat, jacket, and gloves, all *in one*, and was fabricated of nankeen: it was made to tighten round the neck by pulling two strings, after the fashion of a lady's reticule. But alas! this Frankenstein—this monster of the tailoring art—only served to keep in the more securely those tormentors who were already personally attached to me; the which appeared, by the constancy of their attacks, either not to regret their confinement, or to be determined to make me pay dearly for their arrest. We had, however, the consolation of finding

ourselves safely anchored at Leutracchia before midnight; so that we had made at least one hundred and thirty miles within the twenty-four hours. Unfortunately we could not land, as the health officer had gone to bed; so that we were obliged to await, I will not say patiently, the dawn of day, until we could be released from our miseries.

June 29th. Never with more sincere delight did the ugly Miss A. convict of rouging the pretty Miss B., than did we behold that good old coachman Phœbus, pop up his rubicund face from behind the hills of Attica. We immediately sent off for horses, to take us to Kalomachia, a small port on the other side of the isthmus and distant about six or seven miles. In the mean time we performed our ablutions where a hot spring bubbles forth from the rock into the sea, and forms a most exquisite warm-bath; after which we breakfasted. O, ye who, on hearing the word "breakfast" conjure up before your mind's eye visions of hot rolls, fresh

eggs, and *café au lait*, think of your unhappy countrymen's third introduction to Messrs. Sausage, Cucumber, and Co.! But tragedy is not my line, so don't let us say anything more about it. At seven o'clock the horses made their appearance, and we got under way, jogging along and discussing the wonders of our having travelled for a month in these parts before without ever quarrelling, and anticipating at the same time a continuation of the blessings of peace during the present three months, by the end of which time we imagined that we should be the only living Europeans who ever performed so great a feat. My system of policy—but mind, it's a profound secret, and I never tell it to my travelling companion—is founded on the old story of a farmer meeting a gentleman in a lane so narrow that they could not pass each other: much angry discussion arose, till at length the agriculturist, looking very fierce, roared out, “By•G——, sir, if you don't get out of my way, I'll serve you as I served the

man just now." Upon this the other deemed it prudent to move off, but asked how he *did* serve the man just now? "Why," said he, "since he wouldn't get out of *my* way, *I* got out of *his'n*!" Even so, if I cannot by threats or coaxing, make my companion do what *I* like, why I do what *he* proposes. My worthy precursor, Michael Quin, declares it to be impossible for two people to agree together; but I'm in training for matrimony, so travel double on principle.

But meanwhile we have gained the highest ground on the isthmus, and the view is not to be despised, including the associations. On the right hand is the site of ancient Corinth, and one of the most magnificent and appropriate that can be imagined for a great city: the Acro-Corinth towering behind in all the pride of what must have been impregnable, and the beautiful gulf stretched at its feet, with Parnassus and its splendidly varied range in the extreme distance: on our left Attica, Ægina,

and Salamis. Another hour brought us to Kalomachia, where we immediately hired another caique, (O the fleas!) and set sail for the Piræus: the distance is not more than forty miles, which, in consequence of light and baffling winds, we did not accomplish during this day; so that we devoured another breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and supper, all at the expense of Messrs. Sausage and Cucumber.

And now that we are bobbing about in a dead calm off the island of Salamis, and Berkeley is fast asleep, why should I not ruminate on the present state of poor Greece, of which, during a former tour, and by the kindness and condescension of certain friends and acquaintances at Athens, I had some opportunity of forming an opinion? In the first place, then, the whole thing has been grossly mismanaged; to begin with—out of all Europe I imagine there could not have been chosen a more unfit boy to watch over and foster the regeneration of Greece than poor

Otho. He is a good-humoured youth, and really would have been useful in aiding and abetting in the perpetration of his father's balls at Munich ; but something more is required in his situation. If out of my very limited acquaintance with Crowned Heads, I were obliged to name the sort of person most suited to so trying a position, and most likely to combat with success the peculiar difficulties which the first Greek sovereign must have to encounter, I should say Louis Philippe, at the age of thirty-five. The king of their adoption ought to have landed without state at the Piræus. The Temple of Minerva should have looked down upon "the proud waving" of no foreign banners—the frown of no protecting cannon : He ought to have arrayed himself in the national costume of his new country, mounted his war-horse, and thrown himself alone and unattended into the arms of his people. He should have depended upon Greece and the Greeks alone—he should have married a Greek woman, and

should have lived without pomp and splendour until the revenues of the country justified, or rather courted the assumption of something like regal magnificence. But it will be said there was a risk in all this: it might answer and it might not—granted—but it was his only chance. Besides, the Greeks fought long and valiantly for liberty, and did not deserve to be treated as they have been: they have certain good points in their character which should have been cherished: they have a love of freedom—they have a proud remembrance of the ancient glory of their country,—feelings which might have been made something of; but, alas! what is the real state of things? The kingdom is crammed full of Bavarian troops—its destinies are wielded by a parcel of foreigners, who never shed one drop of blood, or disgorged a farthing of their wealth in her cause:—a palace is rising up among the wretched hovels of Athens, large enough for the court of the Emperor of Austria; and the hireling diplomatists of this

village capital talk as much nonsense about the Russian interest and the British interest, and all other interests, save their own, as if they had been mixed up with European wars and politics for the last five hundred years. Why, as to the squabbles of foreign powers, Greece ought not to know whether the rest of Europe has been swallowed up by an earthquake or not for the next century at least; as to any violation of her territory, that she is well able to repel. No, no, let her look to her internal resources—to the developement of her natural strength—to the encouragement of the brave spirit which has slept, though not died, during the last two thousand years—to the forming of a national and popular government—to the cultivation of her rich but neglected soil—to the rebuilding of her ruined and deserted cities: and shall it be said that Greece cannot produce men capable of guiding the regeneration of their father-land? Other countries may send more experienced statesmen and more cunning diplo-

matists, but Greece does not require such at present; her course is straightforward enough: besides, she of all countries in the world is THE ONE that can least brook the intrusion of foreigners, more especially when they fill nearly all the situations of the state, without exception. I think all who are acquainted with the character of the not altogether unworthy descendants of the conquerors of Marathon and Salamis, will admit that nationality is their great feeling; it is, as it were, the very air they breathe, the very life-blood that riots in their veins. It is by the spirit of nationality alone that Greece must live and prosper, if indeed she lives and prospers at all. As an homely instance of the pride with which the modern Greeks remember the exploits of their ancestors, and their eagerness to emulate their glory, (feelings which I hold to be inseparable,) I will mention that the three sons of the washerwoman, who had the honour of renovating my outward man while I remained in Athens, were named Leonidas,

Themistocles, and Epaminondas ; and indeed most families rejoice in such like cognomens ; but I only mention this instance, first, because it does as well as any other, and, secondly, because little “*Themithocleth*” was a particular favourite of mine, and used to kick my shins as if he almost imagined I had been a Persian. Why, the very helmsman of my caique has just been giving me as full a description of the action off Salamis, and the sundry deeds of Themistocles *senior*, according to the Grecian historians, as I could have given *him* some years ago, if I had happened to have formed part of his cargo while a boy in the sixth form of a public school.

All these little incidents speak volumes, as the phrase goes ; but as I don’t intend to write volumes, I shall proceed to mention a couple of anecdotes which I happen to have “*in hand*,” and then leave the nation to the sympathy of tender-hearted readers and the mercy of Count Rudhart, or any subsequent Count, whom his

Majesty of Bavaria may vouchsafe to spare them.

I now speak of the German military. As far as regards the expediency and good taste of insulting and continuing to insult a whole nation with their presence, I will say nothing; I merely wish to illustrate, by the following example, their utility, as well to preserve the peace of the kingdom as to guard the precious person of the putty-faced sovereign. Hem! once upon a time, and that not twelve months ago, there broke out a certain insurrection of no great extent, in a part of the Morea; a regiment, consisting of some eight hundred Bavarians, was sent to suppress the same; but, alas! within a few days, they were to a man taken prisoners by the rebels, and literally sold like snipes at the “low charge” of two drachmæ a couple, and delivered back to the government on payment of the above moderate sum: the whole transaction forming, perhaps, one of the most divine instances on record of inefficiency and weakness

on one side, and contempt and conscious superiority on the other.

Some time after this ever-memorable expedition, the above-mentioned king having heard sad complaints against one *Grivas*, a famous Greek chieftain, sent for the said hero to give an account of his misdeeds : he obeyed, to be sure, as all good subjects ought, and came in *state* to boot, namely, with three thousand horsemen at his heels, whom he encamped at a short distance from the metropolis, and, having seen them comfortably settled, repaired to the palace, and inquired, with all imaginable politeness, as to the commands of his royal master, (?) who having, no doubt, remarked the picturesque encampment outside, begged to thank Mr. Grivas for his many and great services, and presented him with the Second Class Cross of the Order of the Saviour—not “*Ex uno*,” but “*Ex duobus disce omnes*.”

June 30th. Arrived at the Piræus at 11 A.M., and on showing ourselves, or rather our passports, at the health-office, we were sentenced

to quarantine sure enough; but to only seven days instead of twenty, as we had been “led to expect.” We were, however, not without hopes, as we saw in the harbour a French steamer with the quarantine flag flying, which we concluded would not refuse to take us, since they were, as we imagined, going to Smyrna and Constantinople, where the plague was infinitely worse than at any place within three hundred miles of where we had come from. But imagine the depth of our despair when, on inquiry, we discovered that this vessel was only going to Syra, the rendezvous of this line of packets; but where, however, by some mismanagement, she would not arrive until twenty-four hours after the other had departed for Smyrna, which it appeared came straight from Malta without touching at Athens at all. There are things in life which, metaphorically speaking, knock one down heels over head, and your mental energies lie sprawling in the mire of despondency, as the Easterns would say. With heavy hearts and

sulky faces, we betook ourselves to the quarantine ground, the accommodations of which are really curiosities in their way; but considering that we had every prospect of living there for a week, I could gladly have dispensed with the singularity of the thing; for I am sure Mr. Wombwell's hyenas would growl most confoundedly if they were not more comfortably housed. There is a square piece of land, measuring some eighty yards each way, portioned out as the domain of those unfortunates who are supposed to be so tainted with malignant and contagious disorders, as to be worthy of being excluded from the society of their fellow-men. Along three sides of this square are dotted small wooden huts about ten feet high and twelve feet square: the floor raised about six inches from the ground: a half-inch plank is the only protection from the weather either on the sides or above. These huts are all of the same size, and distant about three yards from each other. We had taken possession of one of

them, and had indulged in that universal restorative to the hot and discontented, viz. a bathe in the sea, when we recognised at the second door from our own the face of Lord I——, who had just arrived with his family from Syra. We told him our miseries, and he informed us that the French steamer was to start the following evening at eight o'clock from Syra to Smyrna: he also told us that the cutter in which he came was in the harbour, and very kindly offered to arrange with the captain about taking us back as a *return fare*; recommending us at the same time, by all means, to start immediately, as the only chance of arriving in time to take our passage eastward the next day; failing in which we should have to remain ten days inactive. And, indeed, this was the only thing to be done, so we once more prepared for the pleasures of a country-boat; and although much was to be arranged in the way of passports, bills of health, &c. we were on board the cutter, and glided, with the gentlest of all

possible breezes, out of the harbour by eight o'clock in the evening. I would fain have had another glimpse of the unrivalled Parthenon, the exquisitely proportioned temple of Theseus, and the plain of Marathon; to say nothing of the heart-felt happiness with which I should have renewed my acquaintance with the British minister, Sir Edmund Lyons, and his delightful family, whose uniform kindness and attention throw a charm over every Englishman's visit to Athens, which he must be a most furious antiquary not to appreciate at the time, and a most ungrateful rascal not to remember with pleasure and gratitude. But "that could hardly be :" for to run from the Piræus to Syra, a distance of a hundred miles, we had only a night and a day, and not even so long, as it would be necessary to arrive some time before the steamer started. Our chance was small enough, it must be confessed; but still we thought it worth while to make the trial, since if by any good luck we *should* succeed, it

would effect a saving of ten days, which, although not much in a man's life, are nevertheless a very considerable portion of three months.

I never shall forget this lovely night, or rather the *first part* of it. Upon my veracity, I believe such another would almost make a poet of me; besides, the wind was fair, although this is descending to plain matter of fact; but *such* a fact is a great assistance on these occasions, inasmuch as it puts one in good-humour, and makes one more willing to enjoy that undefined species of pleasure which a bright moon, a balmy atmosphere, a cloudless sky, and a smooth sea, are apt to communicate. Our ship was a fast sailer; but had the same drawback as all the rest with regard to its interior accommodations. I am aware that the unbitten reader, (huzza! there's a new epithet for "reader,") will accuse me of dwelling on unworthy subjects; but let him come and try; and if after a "small aquatic party of pleasure," in one of

these conveyances he thinks, dreams or talks about anything except bugs and fleas for the next six weeks—if he doesn't write a history of their origin, growth, customs, laws, manners, and literature, from the earliest ages up to the present time—if he doesn't compose an ode to chambermaids, and offer a gold medal to any scientific person who shall invent a more convenient mode of destroying them than by putting salt on their tails—why, he must have the hide of a rhinoceros. As far as regards *this* boat, I only know that the very sailors—the Palikari, fellows whose skins one might have imagined ought to turn aside a musket-ball—even they, when sent below for anything by the captain, popped up again for fear of these little *varmints*, as if Old Nick, or a man with the plague, had taken possession of the cabin. But I've done with them, (as Sir Anthony says,) I'll never mention them again—never—never—never—the beasts!—Well, we were wafted along the coast of Attica deliciously, as I said

before, and at about two o'clock in the morning passed Cape Colonna. At this time the wind was steady and increasing, so that we began to entertain serious hopes, if I may use the expression, of reaching Syra in time to take our passage to Smyrna without delay. If there is only a step between the sublime and the ridiculous, there is but half a one between what we little people call happiness and misery. The light zephyr, which two hours before had been a source of enjoyment, was fast changing to a cold and blustering gale; and the sea, which had not a ripple on its surface, save those that curled lazily from the side of our vessel, was now foaming and tossing us about sufficiently to render me totally incapable of indulging in any "serious hopes," or fears, or musings, or contemplations, or, in short, of making use of any of those faculties which distinguish a human being from a pig. I was, in point of fact, excessively sea-sick, in which state my powers of observation were, as I have just remarked,

reduced to so low an ebb, that if I could distinguish day from night, it was as much as I could do. However, our object was obtained, for at mid-day we anchored in the harbour of Syra; so that by dint of perseverance, intrepidity, decision, and a long list of other virtues, we had come from Corfu, in various and uncertain conveyances, in five days.

Syra, as everybody knows, (or if they don't I beg leave to have the honour of informing them,) is an island in the Archipelago, bearing nearly east from Cape Colonna, and its town, of the same name, is the principal mart of commerce in King Otho's dominions. It looks extremely well from the sea, being built on the steep sides of some hills, which rise immediately from the water's edge, and form a semicircle facing the harbour; the houses are very white, and the town has consequently the appearance, *à la distance*, of being remarkably clean and neat; but I am informed that, on a nearer ac-

quaintance, it has no claims whatever to such a distinction. H. M. S. Portland was lying here, looking as beautiful as she always does; there were also several steamers, and abundance of merchantmen; the whole forming, to my taste as pretty a sight of the kind as can well be met with. We were in quarantine, so could do nothing for ourselves; but we found the English consul, Mr. Wilkinson, extremely obliging in securing our places by the packet, &c.; conduct for which others in his situation have not been famous in my experience; but let that pass—there was a time when I could have written somewhat more harshly with respect to the fraternity, and perhaps without erring much from the truth; but I'm in a good humour just at present, and shall *let them go.*

We migrated early in the afternoon from our good little ship to the French steamer, Tancred—a very fine vessel of one hundred and sixty horse power. She is one of ten belonging to the government. One leaves Marseilles every

ten days, and touches at the ports on the western coast of Italy—at Malta, Syra, Smyrna, and arrives at Constantinople, including all stoppages, in fourteen days. Syra is the central point, from which branch-boats go to Athens and Alexandria. The whole thing is very well done: they almost always arrive at, and depart from, the different places precisely at the hour mentioned in the tarif; the accommodations are excellent, and the civility and attention of every one on board, from the captain to the garçon, perfectly *French*. What greater compliment can I pay them? As this, however, promises to become a favourite summer trip when the poor Rhine shall be fairly worn out, and when John Bull shall be convinced, by reference to the map, that other countries have been discovered besides France, Belgium, and the Grand Duchy of Baden, it may not be amiss to describe, as minutely as becomes my soaring genius, the several wonders and delights to be met with on board these packets. The salon,

or rather, the idea of it, must have been *cribbed* from the “Arabian Nights;” its decorations were really splendid, and in the best taste. At one end was a library, at the other a mirror filling up nearly the whole space, with an ottoman plentifully supplied with cushions underneath: the ceiling and skylights were richly gilt and painted with vases, shells, mermaids, cupids, and river-gods,—(upon my word I beg their deityships’ pardon for putting them in such company)—the ground-work being white; two very handsome China lamps were suspended from the skylights. But the sides of the cabin, or, more correctly speaking, the bulkheads, were of a description too costly for anything; the framework was of rosewood, and exquisitely inlaid with brass, and the panels of the cabin-doors of satin-wood, inlaid with ebony and mother-of-pearl. With regard to the berths, of which there were two in each cabin, there was an improvement which I never met with before—a *real* improvement—namely, that the

bottom was of canvass instead of boards ; by the way, I never could find out why one should lie on harder substances on board a ship than elsewhere, yet so it has always been hitherto : but now, what with the above-mentioned innovation, together with lambs'-wool blankets, eider down pillows, and clean chintz curtains, one need not envy any person the possession of the finest four-post bedstead upon earth. My first exclamation was, " Ah, here I can be sick in comfort ;" so much struck was I with the difference between this and " the light caique," though that was going a little too far perhaps ; but I never praise or abuse by halves. The wash-hand stand was also very well arranged ; the top being fitted up as a writing-desk, which lifted up, and the washing apparatus was underneath. A dollar a day is the price for breakfast, dinner, including the best *vin ordinaire* I ever tasted, and tea.

As soon as we were fairly shaken into our places, I took a survey of our fellow-passengers,

who were not very numerous. There was, in the first place, an English colonel, a description of person whom, either from habit or prejudice, I always treat with the utmost deference and mention with the greatest delicacy: however, as I lived chiefly in his company for a fortnight, and found him a very good fellow, I shall waive my usual reserve on this occasion. There was also an artist, a Mr. Allom, who, I believe, is a man of some eminence in his profession; he had come out to take sketches in Turkey and Asia Minor. Then there was a foreignised Englishman, whom we used to call “Broad-brim,” not knowing the precise appellation that he rejoiced in; so “Broad-brim” let him remain, and a goodly name too. Next came a Nubian *gentleman*, who had been attached to the Turkish embassy in London—he was rather dark, in fact not far removed from a *nigger*. But the fool of the party—it’s very odd, but there’s always a fool in every company — was a Frenchman, a sort of fellow who

spoke in a voice like a penny-trumpet, wore pea-green trowsers nearly as large as a Turk's, and flattered himself he was irresistible. Oh, Lord!—the lady!—I've quite forgotten the lady. She was English too, and on her way to Smyrna—all alone—rather young—but with a face like a horse: nevertheless the surgeon belonging to the ship was very particular in his attentions, and seemed to have to encounter the proper number of conciliatory frowns and attractive rebuffs which are usually administered to rivalless lovers. A swivel-eyed Russian and a Greek priest, who never opened their mouths except to put something into them, completed the party. We were glad to retire early, having slept in our clothes since leaving Corfu; and, for my own part, I never passed a better night in my life, in spite of a heavy head-sea, which, according to the morning accounts, had interfered not a little with the slumbers of some of the other passengers.

July 2nd. Got on deck about seven o'clock,

and found that we were close under Chios, where that horrible massacre of the Greeks took place: Samos was on our starboard bow, and the coast of Asia Minor a-head. The painter was sketching away in water-colours, with a quickness and accuracy that rather astonished my ignorance—the lady and the surgeon making love with at least equal celerity—the dandy looking at her as much as to say, “I pity your taste”—Snowball grinning at I can’t say what—and as for Broad-brim, he had quite enough to do to hold his hat on, without thinking of anything else. The Colonel and we availed ourselves of the privilege which our countrymen usually arrogate to themselves, namely, of quizzing the rest. Thus passed the morning. About twelve o’clock we turned into the bay of Smyrna, which, although worth seeing, is, in my opinion, by no means equal to the Bay of Naples, to which some travellers have compared it. We anchored opposite the town about four o’clock: this was the first Eastern place I

had seen; the general effect is poor in comparison with that of an European town, principally, I conceive, from the houses being low, built of wood, and roofed with a dark-coloured tile, which gives the whole a very sombre appearance; the minarets are graceful, with the exception of the top, which looks exactly like a large tin extinguisher; then the cypresses of the burial-grounds have a picturesque effect; but somewhat more is required to give one the idea of a city. I could not fancy it anything but a very large and rather dirty-looking village. An European, when he approaches a city containing a hundred thousand inhabitants, naturally looks for some substantial, good-looking public buildings, and at least two or three good streets; but this is not the case, ever, I believe, in the East; there is little difference between a village and the largest town, except in the extent of ground which it covers.

The plague was said to be very bad here at this time, so the captain requested us not to

go ashore, with which, after a great deal of grumbling (so like Englishmen !) we complied—yes, consented, as a great and personal favour to *him*, not to run the risk of catching the most horrible of all diseases, when at the same time there was literally nothing to be seen—positively nothing, either ancient or modern, of the slightest interest. We had heard a great deal of the oil-skin cloaks worn as a precaution against contagion, and sure enough we had not been at anchor five minutes before a poor emaciated wretch came alongside, carefully wrapt up in one; as if he imagined that death had no other weapon than the pest to strike with, and that his garment could grind him young again. Poor man ! I should conceive that he could not, in the common course of human events, live above three months, and yet he appeared more careful of that which must have been rather a burden to him than anything else, than others who might fairly look forward to many a year of health and enjoyment: but if I were to employ

the eloquence of a Cicero in the *oil-skin line*, I should never persuade a man of eighty to take his cloak off, or one of five-and-twenty to put it on; so that all that can be said on the subject is, that “ ‘tis strange—’tis passing strange.”

We were to remain here twenty-four hours, and by way of killing one after dinner, we made up a bathing party: a lieutenant belonging to the ship and I were the principal performers. He commenced operations by throwing what is termed a somerset backwards off the side of the vessel, a feat which seemed to excite much astonishment among the surrounding cooks, sailors, and engineers; so feeling the British influence in the East to depend on my exertions, (Berkeley being still a cripple,) I mounted to the top of the paddle-box, with a face which I intended should be expressive of perfect indifference, and soused in a good orthodox header, amid great applause from all parts of the house. What a nuisance! There was I vegetating

about the Bay of Smyrna, heaven knows how far below the surface, and spitting and spluttering for at least three hours after I came up again, just because that cursed Frenchman chose to show off his tricks instead of going in quietly like a gentleman : for if *he* had jumped off the yard-arm, *I* must have gone to the mast-head. Chess and backgammon succeeded, then brandy and water, and then bed.

July 3rd.—Lying at Smyrna all the morning. Very hot; drank quantities of “lemonade gazeuse.” Read Childe Harold for the hundredth time, and got up more dazzled than ever by the astonishing genius of Lord Byron. Query? Is so much poetry—real poetry—to be met with in an equal number of consecutive lines of any other bard? I except none. “But,” says my reader, “this has nothing to do with your journal.” Yes, it has; everything has to do with it: he must take rambles, scrambles, thoughts, words, deeds, sentiments, just as they come. I do not pretend to be didactic, or in-

structive, or wonderful: not in the least. I have examined no marine substances—no substrata; have measured the girth of no trees; never intend to be robbed or murdered—in short, they'll call me a most stupid traveller, I'm afraid; but I can't help it, it's my way. After this candid avowal, some will cut me, no doubt; others, I hope, will accompany me yet further, and of course I make the same distinction between the parties, as the showman did, when he cried out, “Stand out of the way, you ugly wretches, *as arn't no money to pay*; and come up, my pretty little dears, *as has the money*, and upon the left you will see,” &c.; and a most natural distinction it was, only rather more honestly expressed than usual.

To return from my digression: some of our people amused themselves in the morning with shooting gulls, which struck me, although not over-particular, as exceedingly cruel and wanton, seeing that the poor devils fell into the sea with broken legs and wings, nobody being able to

get at them to put them out of their misery, and besides which, that they are not good to eat if they *had* been picked up. The sportsmen were fortunately most execrable shots, so that there were fewer victims than might have been expected.

We set sail at four o'clock in the afternoon, having lost the lady and gained the oil-skin gentleman : lost and gained ! what a profanation of the terms ! We passed outside Mytelene, the night being dark, and were between Tenedos and the main land by breakfast-time in the morning. We saw the plain of Troy very distinctly, and the tumuli, supposed to have been erected over the bodies of those slain during the siege ; but these are no curiosities, as plenty of others, precisely similar, are to be found all over the country. We passed through a crowd of ships tacking against a strong northerly wind, and soon reached the outer castles of the Dardanelles, which are not so very strong, and at a distance of three miles from each other. Close

to the one on the Asiatic side, is the sandy beach, where we are told the Grecian galleys were drawn up. There is nothing to be seen before arriving at the inner castles, and the strength of these, or rather the overwhelming weight of metal that can be brought to bear on any ships attempting to force the passage, exceeded anything that I had imagined. There are, I believe, six fortresses on one side of the straits, and seven on the other, situated at convenient distances from one another: most of them are newly built, and many are on a level with the water's edge: the shores not being more than a mile apart. We saw many piles of the famous stone-shot, and could distinguish the muzzles of the guns from which they are fired. At four P.M. we reached Gallipoli, a small town on the European side, situated at the entrance of the sea of Marmora. Dinner, backgammon, and grog, finished the evening.

By six o'clock the next morning (July 5th) I was informed that we were close to Constan-

tinople, so I hurried on deck just as we were entering the Bosphorus: it was a glorious morning, and the sea as smooth as glass. The city commences on the side of the sea of Marmora, with the Seraglio and its gardens: this is all that is visible at first, but on rounding the Seraglio point, and entering the Golden Horn, or bay round which the city is built, Stamboul bursts at once upon you. What shall I say concerning the first sight of that which so many travellers have painted in such glowing colours? Well—I'll tell truth, whatever may be the consequence—I was disappointed. The poverty of the place was too palpable; the filthiness of the streets and the smallness of the houses. To be sure the situation is unequalled. Then there was water, always of great assistance to the general effect: ten or twelve ships of the line, and as many frigates: crowds of merchant vessels: hundreds of carved caiques shooting along in all directions. Then there were the mosques, which, though of clumsy architecture in them-

selves, are extremely picturesque objects in the midst of a city. There were the countless and graceful minarets; also a considerable number of public buildings and palaces painted on the outside with all sorts of bright colours: but as a whole it was not in keeping. The wretchedness of the greater part of the city effectually destroyed the illusion; you had no sooner conjured up some bright vision, by contemplating one object, than it was dispelled by looking at another. The eye glances too suddenly from wealth to poverty, from luxury to misery, from vastness to insignificance, from gaudy palaces to mud hovels. The fact is, I was too near; if I had been a mile farther off, I should have thought it the finest sight I ever beheld: as it was, I should perhaps be puzzled to name a finer, principally, I think, from the circumstance of one's being able to see the whole of Constantinople at a single glance—an advantage which scarce any other large city possesses; so that when I say I was disappointed, I speak more

with reference to the accounts which I had heard and read of it, than from any expectations which I might probably have formed, if left to myself. I must say that travellers do not generally describe things fairly; that is to say, they do not tell the *whole* truth. I do not remember to have seen in any work, notice taken of the drawbacks which I have mentioned, and yet it is impossible that they could have been overlooked. Another thing that I have to complain of is, that former travellers have bespangled the place with gold a great deal more than the fact warrants. I have commonly read of such things as gilded domes; and yet I will venture to assert that there is not one single “gilded dome” in all Stamboul: the crescent at the top is usually gilded, if they like, but that is a very different thing. I give one instance from among a thousand. This is wilfully deceiving people, and leading those who come after them to that disappointment for which I for one have to thank them.

Immediately on our coming to an anchor, we were besieged by a set of ragamuffins recommending the different hotels, and bringing various accounts of “the pest,” which seems to be uppermost in the thoughts even of those who have lived in the midst of it for years: such is the universal and undiminished dread of this relentless scourge. We called a caique, which shot alongside like lightning; but there was none of that polite handing you in, and escorting you to your seat, that is the fashion in Europe—not a bit: there sat the Turkish boatman as grave as a judge, and the quick “Don’t touch him!” of the colonel, who had been here before, introduced us to the custom of considering every one infected, without exception. We squatted down in the bottom of the boat—for it would be a gross conceit and affectation of singularity to sit up—and were landed on the Pera side of the harbour, this being the quarter of the town set apart for the Franks, who are not allowed to dwell among the true believers. We

with reference to the accounts which I had heard and read of it, than from any expectations which I might probably have formed, if left to myself. I must say that travellers do not generally describe things fairly; that is to say, they do not tell the *whole* truth. I do not remember to have seen in any work, notice taken of the drawbacks which I have mentioned, and yet it is impossible that they could have been overlooked. Another thing that I have to complain of is, that former travellers have bespangled the place with gold a great deal more than the fact warrants. I have commonly read of such things as gilded domes; and yet I will venture to assert that there is not one single “gilded dome” in all Stamboul: the crescent at the top is usually gilded, if they like, but that is a very different thing. I give one instance from among a thousand. This is wilfully deceiving people, and leading those who come after them to that disappointment for which I for one have to thank them.

Immediately on our coming to an anchor, we were besieged by a set of ragamuffins recommending the different hotels, and bringing various accounts of “the pest,” which seems to be uppermost in the thoughts even of those who have lived in the midst of it for years: such is the universal and undiminished dread of this relentless scourge. We called a caique, which shot alongside like lightning; but there was none of that polite handing you in, and escorting you to your seat, that is the fashion in Europe—not a bit: there sat the Turkish boatman as grave as a judge, and the quick “Don’t touch him!” of the colonel, who had been here before, introduced us to the custom of considering every one infected, without exception. We squatted down in the bottom of the boat—for it would be a gross conceit and affectation of singularity to sit up—and were landed on the Pera side of the harbour, this being the quarter of the town set apart for the Franks, who are not allowed to dwell among the true believers. We

here, having been sent out with some presents of arms, &c., from the king of England to the Sultan; and who was kind enough to make it his present business to lionize the ignorant. We had passed over to Constantinople, and I was picking my way through the filthy windings of the fish bazaar, when I just looked up in time to prevent myself from running against the body of a man which was hanging from the low projecting roof of one of the shops: his feet about eighteen inches from the ground. There was nothing over his face, which was perfectly white; his hands and feet black; he was a Greek by his dress, and had on his turban and his common costume, just as if he had been picked out of the street and hanged up without any further preparation or ceremony. There was such a total absence of the paraphernalia of death *by the law*, that I could scarcely persuade myself that the object I now saw suspended in a narrow street opposite a shop-door, was really a human being whose life had been thus taken away.

People were in the shop buying and selling as if nothing had happened, and of the forty or fifty idlers who were collected outside, the feeling seemed to be either that of savage exultation, heartless mirth, or perfect indifference! To the honour of the Turkish women be it said, that not one was to be found, in imitation of the *civilised* English, feasting her eyes on this disgusting spectacle.

Passing on at random up one street and down another, our indignation and horror was increased tenfold at seeing the body of a woman hanging against the wall at the entrance of one of the bazaars. One fold of her *yashmac*, or muslin scarf, was over her face, but I could see sufficiently to tell that it was handsome. The truth now flashed upon us: poor creatures—their crime had been—no matter—no uncommon one in these degenerate days; I do not mean that the frequency of its commission should be made its apology; but for the abstract crime they were *not* punished: they had fallen victims to the

accursed and bloodthirsty bigotry, malice, and intolerance of these wretches, who have too long been permitted to perpetrate such deeds in the name of their detestable law and no less detestable religion. The fact for Christendom to fix her eyes upon is, that these two persons suffered death because one was a Mahomedan, and the other a Christian. Gracious God ! is it not enough to make the rest of Europe rise in one general crusade against them ? Is it not enough to make a man throw aside all political feelings, and wish Russia or any other power would come and annihilate them ? Or, perhaps, this would be a superfluous labour, for no one who has been in Turkey can doubt that the wrath of Providence is especially directed against it, in a pestilence which is surely and not very slowly sweeping them from the face of the earth. But, in the mean time, would it be so *very* impossible for the powers of Europe to come forward and say, “ Law or no law, we will not permit this persecution of the church of

Christ; we will not suffer this barbarous insult to the religion of two hundred millions of people?" This is the light in which it is to be viewed, and in no other—a Turk and a Christian commit the same crime—the Turk is not only not punished, but the law does not admit that he has been in error at all—the *Christian is butchered*—hung up in the public streets like a dog: is this not persecuting Christianity? And yet there are resident here the ministers of nearly every civilised nation under heaven. Can nothing be done? If the maltreatment of an Englishman be such an unpardonable insult, is not the murder of one professing the same faith as ourselves, *because he does profess that faith*, a much greater? I contend, that in such a case it does not devolve on Greece any more than on England, or France, or Russia, to avenge the outrage: or if it did, the strong ought not to desert those who at present, perhaps, are too weak to defend themselves. The man was hanged, I repeat again and again, for

no other reason than because he was a Christian. Whatever may be the difficulty of upsetting laws and outrooting prejudices, still I say, if it were a thousand times greater than it is, the sight which I this day witnessed must remain an eternal disgrace to those who are enlightened enough to comprehend the atrocity of the crime, and powerful enough to punish and to suppress it. An English gentleman whom we met at dinner told us that he had seen the man upwards of an hour after he was hanged, and that he was not then dead ! and no wonder, for the execution is performed by first tying a rope round the poor wretch's neck, then passing it over the first convenient beam they see, and thus hauling him up, when they leave him to struggle in his agonies as long as human nature will hold out. The woman, we heard, betrayed no symptoms of fear whatever at her fate. They hung for three whole days, and immediately they were taken down, two others were sacrificed in like manner; and two days after that

again, two others—some said *six!* The authorities offered on one occasion to spare the life of the female culprit, but *her father* requested, as a particular favour, that no mercy might be shown her, adding, at the same time, that if they sent her home to him, he should put her to death himself. The bodies, after hanging the usual time, were thrown into the Bosphorus without any weight attached to them, and there left to rot, day by day, on the surface, in full view of the whole city. A young surgeon told me that one floated past near his house, and that he had been trying all the morning with a rope and hook to catch it for purposes of dissection. But now we have sufficiently “supped on horrors,” and I think I have given some pretty specimens of what a late writer calls “the moral beauty of the Turkish character !!!”

There are, however, points in their conduct which, at first sight, may seem to warrant such an opinion ; and far be it from me to deny them

that praise which is undoubtedly their due in regard to their great humanity towards animals, and all inferior creatures. Of this virtue there are two remarkable proofs to be found in Constantinople, which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer, who has been half an hour in the place. One is, in the vast number of gulls and water-fowl in the Bosphorus, which, from their never having known molestation, have become so tame, that they will scarcely get out of the way of the oars; and the other, in the dogs, of which there is a *quantum suf.* to almost every street, and which lie basking in the sun, totally undisturbed either by foot-passengers, horsemen, or carriages. Seldom or never does a wanton kick or blow disturb their canine slumbers. Their form of government is simple, but most strictly adhered to: their law acknowledges but one crime, and punishes it most severely, viz. that of trespass: each company of dogs has its own domain, from which every intruder is speedily expelled with

bites and sundry maltreatment sufficient to make him mend his manners for the future. They belong to no one in particular, but are attached, as it were, to the district, and are regularly fed by the inhabitants. They are almost all of one breed, not unlike the lurcher : it is said that at the end of the last Russian campaign they used to get up *pic-nics* to Adrianople, and start off in parties to claim their share in the spoils of war. However, I am talking of the *dogs*, and losing sight of the Turks, whom I honour for this part of their conduct, as far as it goes, but can never admit that it is to be weighed in the scale against the diabolical enormities which I have just spoken of as practised against their fellow-creatures.

There is still in Stamboul much to be seen that is interesting and characteristic; but travellers must make haste. The march of intellect, or rather the love of innovation, has effected great changes here—not all for the better; and none of a secondary nature more to be re-

gretted than the absurd assumption on the part of the men of the European dress. The flowing robes, the ample sash, and the gorgeous turban, have given place to a pair of trowsers, reaching about half way from the knee to the foot, and a sort of large frock-coat of most execrable workmanship, and made with very high shoulders, a fashion which would not tend much to improve the figure, according to our ideas: they have not yet arrived at hats, but wear the fez or red cap, with a very large silk tassel. The beard has also been much curtailed by order of the Sultan; the breadth of two fingers below the chin is the present regulation. Of a truth, they look wretched scarecrows. The Sultan, who must be a man of great ability and sound judgment, had doubtless some sensible object in view when he introduced this change; he probably hoped that by the adoption of a costume which admitted of more activity than the former one, they would be induced to lay aside many of their habits of sloth and idleness; but this has not been the

case ; and in the absence of any beneficial effect, one may be permitted to regret the loss of that which I confess never had any more substantial advantage than that of pleasing the eye. With regard to the ladies' dress, it remains as heretofore ; we are told it is particularly graceful and elegant in the house, but from personal observation deponent speaketh not, having never been desirous of becoming a *three days'* wonder by adorning the fish bazaar ; but he can vouch for the walking and carriage dress of a Turkish lady as being the most unbecoming in the world. In the first place, by way of fabricating a neat foot and ankle, they wear a large, loose, yellow leather boot coming some six inches up the leg, which it has just about as much pretensions to fitting as a bucket has to fit a broomstick, or *vice versa* ; a slipper goes over that, so that by the time the foot is fully equipped for walking (to continue my *domestic* similes) it looks no more like a foot than a frying-pan ; or of the two, perhaps, it bears the greater similarity to the

latter article. Their principal and indeed their only garment is the feridjee, which is a large loose cloak, made of cloth of any colour, but generally of sky blue; it has wide sleeves and a kind of square cape hanging all down the back. Then there is that odious, envious *yashmac*. I'm sure that I shall not get into disgrace with the softer sex by deplored that so many pretty faces should be hidden from our admiration. This ever-to-be lamented contrivance consists simply in a scarf of plain white muslin, being so wound round the head, and face, and neck, as to leave nothing visible save the eyes. The Armenian ladies, of which there are considerable numbers, dress in the same manner, with the exception of red slippers instead of yellow.

The carriages, called arabas, in which these non-approachables take their airings, are so curious and eastern as to deserve a short description. They are something like light wagons with low sides, which are elaborately carved and gilt all over; there is a canopy overhead to

protect them from the sun : this is made of cloth or silk of the gaudiest colours ; the inside is filled with large cushions piled up in the most luxurious profusion, and which must almost recompense their lovely burdens for the want of properly-constructed springs. This strange vehicle is drawn by two oxen, whose foreheads are ornamented with shining plates of silver ; another favourite decoration is a string of fine tassels tied from the animals' tails to the top of a curved stick, which is fastened to the pole, and projects high over their shoulders : there is a driver and generally a servant on foot in attendance ; in short, it is a most extraordinary turn-out altogether. I have now given some faint idea of the general appearance of a Turkish man, woman, and carriage ; so that, although it would be next to impossible to describe all the different costumes of dervishes, Jews, Mollahs, water-carriers, lollipop-sellers, and a host of others, my imaginary companion can join us in our rambles with some notion at

least of the more aristocratic part of the community.

We took an early opportunity after our arrival of calling upon Mr. Cartwright, the British consul-general, whom I looked upon with some degree of interest, as having had the plague and recovered. He very kindly offered us the services of his dragoman, Mustafa, to point out all that is considered worth seeing, and to defend us from being cheated in any purchases we might wish to make. This man is the same whose character is so humorously drawn by Morier, in his novel of "Ayesha, or the Maid of Kars." He is a Swiss by birth, but has turned Mussulman, which, I believe, is the only bad trait in his character, for he is as honest, quaint, and good-humoured a fellow as I ever met. He made his appearance early the next morning, and we sallied forth armed with sticks, the free use of which upon those who may approach too near you, is not by any means considered too forcible an argument. Our first visit was to the

bazaars of course, as being the places that one hears so much of: the singularity consists in each trade having its own proper bazaar, so that every man who sells any particular article must have his shop in that bazaar which is appropriated to the use of those of the same trade with himself: thus there is the silk bazaar, the slipper bazaar, the saddle bazaar, the cloth bazaar, the arm bazaar, and a hundred others, each filled with precisely the same kind of shops. It is difficult to determine on the expediency of this plan, for if it be an advantage to know at once where to get a thing, it is a great inconvenience for any one, who wishes to make two or three purchases of different descriptions, to be obliged to go for them to so many different parts of the town. These bazaars are all covered in, and the shops are open to the street. We overhauled some thousands of pairs of slippers, and bought a few, but without the slightest pressing on the part of the shopkeepers, who remained squatting on their mats

as immovable as so many rocks, while we were examining the contents of their shelves. I was much amused at the simplicity of their efforts to cheat; they made no fight at all to establish their just claim to the price at first demanded: the bargain was simply this—"How much?" "A hundred piastres." "I'll give you fifty." "Take it!" The same short conversation was gone through on every occasion. Now I do say even if the rascal cheats you after all, which is most probably the case, he is bound in common tenderness to the feelings of his customer, to come down by degrees, and give way with well-feigned reluctance; because really dropping one half without another word, is as much as to say, "I beg your pardon, but from your appearance I took you for an idiot." I never knew but one instance of the kind in England, and that took place at Oxford, on the occasion of a billiard-marker praising his queue in a most extravagant manner, and finishing his oration by devoutly wishing he might be d—d

if he would take five pounds for it; upon which a fresh-man,—very particularly fresh indeed,—anxious to show off at the same time his amiable carelessness as to the future fate of the poor marker, his deep knowledge of the world, and his skill at driving a bargain, bawled out—“*Markaw!* I’ll give you two pound ten for it!” “Thank ye, sir,” said the marker, “the queue is yours!”

Most people carry away from Stamboul either an amber mouth-piece for a pipe, or a Damascus sword; but these are most extravagantly dear, costing generally from fifteen to forty pounds each; so since “*I don’t do no business* in the tobacco line,” and have got a sword at home that toasts bread “excellent well,” I hurried through the bazaars appertaining to these luxuries with all convenient speed.

The slave-market was the next object that arrested our attention; but the trade seemed very dull, and we only saw about half a dozen poor emaciated creatures rolled up in a great

black ball under a tree. A few Turkish women came up to us, and asked in no very mild manner, what business we had there? Upon this impertinence Mustafa became greatly enraged, stroked down his beard, cocked his fez, and forgetting all his politeness, called them “Daughters of burnt fathers,” and a great many ugly names, bidding them go home and sew, and mind their own business, instead of questioning the Frank lords about theirs. This speech being delivered with the high and mighty air suitable to the inferior creatures he was addressing, had the desired effect, and packed the ladies off. We were then taken to the seraglio gate, and examined the niches and hooks where they suspend the heads of the refractory pachas, “pour encourager les autres.” By this time Mustafa agreed with me that no more sightseeing could be accomplished until we had refreshed ourselves with some iced sherbet, a beverage made of the juice of raisins, and which I cannot say that I much admire. Poor

Mustafa's draught was rather interrupted by a Kurd, who happened to pass by: he pointed him out to us, informing us at the same time, that some of that "pezevenk's" countrymen—the whelps of Jehanum!—once stripped and robbed him of all he had, and left him, though most particularly *lightly clad*, to walk for nine hours under a broiling sun before he could procure assistance; "but," said Mustafa, "if they would make me pacha in that country, Inshallah! I'd have a fine collection of ears and noses before long!" and there was a twinkling in his little grey eyes which sufficiently told his sincerity.

We now proceeded to the best specimen (for there are several) of the subterranean water-tanks built by the Romans. The entrance was in a private house; but "backshish," or a small present in money, a demand which is in everybody's mouth, whether they have done anything for you or not, soon admitted us. The tank appeared, judging from the thickness of the

columns, to be about half full of water. It was regularly roofed over by stone arches, stretching from pillar to pillar, which might be about twenty feet distant from each other; of these some fifteen feet appeared above the surface of the water, and from their bulk, as I said before, I imagined that there were as many below. Some of the columns were minutely carved; a fact which, considering that these places are of enormous extent, forms a remarkable instance of the labour and expense that the ancients could afford to lavish on all their stupendous works. It is said that no one has ever explored the full extent of this tank—where the difficulty lies I cannot conceive. Our lionising labours finished for the day with a visit to the Solymanié mosque, which is the only one in Constantinople that a giaour can enter without an especial firman from the Sultan; it is, however, the prettiest, if not the largest. I never heard why this mosque is made an exception in our favour; but here there is no difficulty unless

you be addicted to tight *Wellingtons*, in which cases I would recommend a pocket bootjack to your notice, for off they must go on very many occasions. For myself I find this ceremony no trouble, since, not being partial to agony, I especially eschew a neat boot, or a neater one than my foot admits of, at all events; so behold me with a pair of the hob-nailed species in my hand, and my hat *on* my head surveying the interior of the Solymanié. The chief difference between a mosque and a Catholic cathedral is that there are no altars: there were some magnificent marble columns cut from one block, and the immense dome in the centre had a very fine effect. There were also some superb stained-glass windows; the pavement I could not see, as it was entirely covered with mats, very plain, but clean. At the height of about eight feet from the ground, and through the whole expanse of the building, were hung a vast number of lamps; there are two or three pulpits, but no seats of any sort. The whole struck me

as being more like what, according to my ideas, a place of worship ought to be, than any other I have seen ; our own are too full of pews and galleries, and suchlike distinctions between those of high and low degree, than is exactly correct ; and a Roman Catholic church is too much drest out in paltry finery to please me ; but here everything was plain, grand, and massive ; the stained-glass windows are ornaments that suit such a fabric. Thus ended our first day with Mustafa, who was dismissed with a suitable "*backshish*."

By the particular desire of Madame, we were always well smoked on our return to the hotel, an operation which a Mussulman would not, on any account, undergo. It is all kismet—fate—and if it has been decreed that he shall die of the pest, why die he must, and he submits to the fatal stroke with the greatest possible composure. One of the most remarkable proofs of the power and influence, as well as the good sense of the Sultan is, that he has com-

elled the troops to use some precautions; and I saw over at Scutari, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, a smoking-box in full play, at the barrack-gate; but it was conducted in a most slovenly manner, and there was an evident reluctance on the part of many to go in—some only looked in, and one Turk, who, I concluded was a staunch tory, and opposed to all reform, turned back, and refused point-blank to submit to such an indignity. What chance can there be of eradicating a contagious disorder from among such a set of blockheads? When I spoke of the horror which the people have of the plague, I only alluded to the Frank population; the Turks don't care one farthing about it; so little, that there is a regular bazaar, where they sell by auction the clothes of those who have died, and which are bought up with the greatest avidity! The mortality is never exactly known; but the deaths in the Greek hospital are considered as one tenth of the whole. This establishment publishes a report every week. The

first week I was here it was sixty-five, and the next only twenty-seven. It requires some time for the plague to have any sensible effect in diminishing the population of the city, because as fast as the people die off, others from the country immediately fill up their places ; but so awful have been its ravages during the last few years, that it is no uncommon occurrence for the whole of the inhabitants of a village to be swept away, and this in all parts of the empire; even Constantinople itself, in several directions, looks like a city of the dead.

The first Friday we were here, Mr. Knowles, the Colonel, and ourselves, hired a caique, and rowed to "the sweet waters of Asia," a very pretty spot about four miles down the Bosphorus, well wooded, and embellished with a kiosk and a handsome fountain. This is the general resort on the Mahomedan sabbath of all the beauty of Stamboul, so that most foreigners take an early opportunity of paying it a visit. The landing-place was thronged with caiques of all

sizes. They are the most fairy-looking boats that can be conceived, made much after the same manner as a Venetian gondola, with a long, sharp bow and stern ; but the caique is much lighter ; besides, a gondola, with its funereal trappings, only requires the addition of a silver plate, with your name and age inscribed thereon, to make you imagine yourself in your coffin. Now these, with their gay carvings and gildings, have a most delightfully cheerful and holiday-like appearance. On terra firmâ were drawn up a quantity of arabas, with their richly-fringed canopies of all sorts of bright colours ; it would be difficult to say exactly what so many people were doing here—in point of fact, they were doing nothing : a Turk would tell you they were making "*keph*," but this is more difficult to define still. Making *keph* corresponds, perhaps, more with our cockney tea-garden term of "spending the day" than anything else ; in short, with the unfortunate women, anything out of the confinement of the harem is "making

keph." Numbers of them were sitting round the fountain, some smoking, and some eating sweetmeats, while others took the opportunity, *as we passed by*, of arranging their *yashmacs*, and thus showing us a little more of their fine handsome faces. There were scarcely any men here except those sweetmeat-venders, whose presence is so necessary to "making keph." The Turks have a sort of sweetmeat, called *rahatalikoom*, which, being translated literally, means "lumps of delight;" the principal ingredients are apple and rice flavoured with otto of rose; its consistency is something like that of jujubes, only much softer, and is cut into pieces about an inch square: this is always in great request. During our stroll about the place we, on one occasion, got rather nearer a party of women than was considered correct, and were warned off by—who do you think?—a sentry! Good heavens! what a degradation that ladies of the first consideration in Stamboul should depend for protection on a parcel of black slaves, or an

accidental sentry. No brothers, no fathers, no husbands—not a bit—it's no business of theirs — there are proper people in attendance— the men take no trouble about them, with the same idea as an English gentleman would not dig in his garden ; and as to making companions of them, they no more think of that, than *we* should think of associating with so many sheep. The mere fact of a Turk having the power of life and death over all the female members of his family, is a sufficient proof of the slight estimation in which the ladies are held ; and when we consider that this disgraceful and unnatural dominion is granted by the law to one sex over another, we cannot wonder at their conduct ; nor can it be a matter of any surprise that neither party should reap those advantages which are the results of mutual confidence and respect ; or, in plainer terms, that the men should become brutes, and the women fools.

If there lives any man, who calls himself a civi-

lised being, dull enough and ungallant enough to doubt what an utter blank this life would be without the society of women, let him reside in the East for a short time; and if he does not read his recantation I'll eat him—all except his head and heart, which can't be good:—I leave the ladies to return the compliment if they like.

A short time before we took our departure, we observed a great stir among the people, and the guard getting under arms. We ran to the water's edge, and arrived just in time to see the Cousin of the Sun and Moon—the Sultan himself—row by in his state caique, all over gold, and pulled by about a dozen pairs of oars. We were in hopes he would land here, as he very often does; but he disappointed us and passed on, the guard presenting arms, and the fifer—one poor solitary fifer—playing a most ridiculous jig as long as his Highness remained in sight. On our way back we visited the small-arm manufactory, which is a new and handsome building. They have just put up a steam-

engine there, which the sultan is very proud of.

As a military man, I must not forget to mention the Turkish soldiers, although as yet they scarcely deserve the name. They are drest after the European fashion, with the exception of the stock, an instrument of torture which they have not yet been taught to submit to ; they also retain the fez instead of any sort of chaco or helmet. Nothing can exceed the dirtiness of their general appearance ; their clothes and accoutrements literally look as if no attempt had been made to clean them since they were first served out ; they, however, take great care of their arms, the brightness of which forms a strange contrast with the extreme slovenliness of their persons. They are chiefly small, ugly men—in short, miserable-looking mortals altogether. The barracks are all of them very handsome buildings ; but we were disappointed in our intentions of going over one of them—and hereby hangs a tale. We were walking in the

streets one day with Mr. Knowles, when we met a Frenchman, named Pierre, who was in the military service of the sultan, and whom Mr. Knowles had become acquainted with. We told him our wish to go round a Turkish barrack, and engaged, all four of us, to meet the next morning at five o'clock, and see some artillery drill that was to take place, fall back on Mr. Knowles's lodgings to breakfast, and then go over to Scutari to see the barracks. Accordingly, the next morning up we got, and proceeded to the ground where we were told the manœuvres were to take place; however, we saw no artillery, and, after waiting for some time, returned to our hotel. In the meantime, Mr. Knowles had met Pierre, and taken him home to breakfast with him. That same evening Pierre was taken very ill, and Mr. Knowles went to see him; but the next morning it was announced that he had got the plague, and a message was sent, begging Mr. Knowles not to visit him any more. Thus had we, by the merest chance

in the world, escaped spending the whole morning with the poor fellow, breakfasting with him, and then being escorted over the barracks by him : as it was, we were almost what is called "compromised," that is, having been in the company of an infected man. Mr. Knowles certainly was ; and as we were always together, and dined at the same table, there was not much to choose between us ; but up to the time I am writing we are all well. I defy a man, if he's as brave as sixteen lions, not to feel rather uncomfortable on an occasion of this sort. Poor Pierre ! I have never heard whether he lived or died.

We spent one morning in the chapel of the "dancing dervishes," and saw the whole ceremony, which, though it has been often described, I shall nevertheless give a short sketch of, particularly as I have already disclaimed the seeing that which no one ever saw before. There is no difficulty in gaining admittance, but off go your shoes as a matter of course. The interior

of the building is circular and of a considerable height—the diameter may be about forty feet ; a gallery runs all the way round, under which is the place for the spectators. There was a space in the centre railed off, with a highly-polished floor. Immediately opposite the entrance sat the chief of the dervishes on a small mat quite alone ; above his head was a large black board, with the name of their founder inscribed on it in letters of gold. Opposite to him were ranged, I think, two-and-twenty others, kneeling close to each other ; they did not reach more than one-third round the circle, so that the old gentleman had a large space to himself. The service began by a long chaunt, sung by people in attendance for the purpose, during which, at particular intervals, they bent down and touched the ground with their foreheads. After this was finished they all rose, and turning to the right, with their hands crossed over their breasts, marched on at a slow pace, and when they approached the spot where their

chief had been sitting, they bowed, each as he came up, very low, and continued in that posture until they had passed it, always keeping their faces towards it, which they did by turning with a very peculiar step. They repeated this three times, and then returned to their places. Their dress as yet had been a high, brown, felt cap, and a coarse woollen cloak; the latter was now laid aside, and they came out in a neat kind of jacket and waistcoat, and a very long and ample white petticoat, which, when they stood still, rested on the ground. They now stretched out their arms, the palm of the right hand turned up and that of the left down, and commenced twirling round exactly like people waltzing, only with a smoother and more even step. Their petticoats, which must have been weighted at the bottom, swung out and formed a large circle round them, so that, when they were all turning in this manner together, the whole space was completely filled, excepting about six inches between the edges of

each of these hoops, and yet this small distance was so well preserved, that they never once came into contact with each other. Their eyes were half-closed, and their faces indicative of the sincerest devotion. At a signal they all stopped suddenly, and bowed to the ground; after which they danced twice more. There was nothing at all disgusting in the exhibition, nor indeed (contrary to the opinion of most others) do I think that there was anything laughable. You only feel surprise at such an idea entering a man's head as to praise his Maker in so extraordinary a manner, and regret that zeal should not be more profitably employed. We were very much hustled in recovering our shoes at the door, and had a double allowance of fumigation in consequence.

Mustafa was in attendance at the hotel (when we returned) with horses, as we had engaged him the day before to ride round the city walls with us. They were not bad nags; and as we were jogging through the dirty streets I amused

myself by quizzing Mustafa about all the stories that Morier tells of him ; I asked him if there was really such a person as Cara Bey, of whom the novelist says poor Mustafa had so wholesome a dread ; he answered, that there was certainly such a dog, and he wished to detain them, but that his master paid a sum of money and got them off. Mustafa says that the story about Ayesha is all fiction. We became great friends : indeed I am under an engagement to go into Persia with him, where he has already been twenty-four times. We rode along miles and miles of burial-grounds, which are very cheerful looking places, and very pretty ; they are planted all over with cypresses, and the immense variety of tombstones render a ramble through them quite interesting. Each tombstone is surmounted by a turban denoting the rank, station, sex, or trade, of those that rest beneath ; for every class or description of person has, or rather had, its own distinguishing turban : the stone is longer and narrower in proportion

than ours generally are, in short, better figures altogether; and covered with extracts from the Koran in letters of gold. The extent of these cemeteries exceeds all belief. The ride round the walls occupies nearly four hours: they are the best specimens of ancient fortification I have ever seen, and their truly venerable appearance “doth challenge much respect.” They could make some resistance even in the present day; or if of no use to the warrior, the grey battlements and lofty turrets are so overgrown with ivy, the ditches so choked up with flowering shrubs, and the castle of Belisarius, which seems to have been as ill-used as its master, frowns so proudly over the whole, that they can scarce fail to gain a peaceful victory over the most determined despiser of the picturesque. The burial-grounds, too, which attend you nearly the whole way, are not out of place, and will doubtless fit into the train of thought in which any one who lends himself to the sentimental might be supposed to indulge. We returned through the

city by the gate of the Seven Towers, and passed over the ground where stood the Janissaries' barracks. 'Tis a pretty spot enough for a wholesale massacre, being surrounded on all sides by rising grounds where artillery might be planted with great effect. Mustafa gives the following account of the destruction of that celebrated body of troops. The Sultan finding that he was not exactly his own master, came to the sublime resolution of putting all out of the way whose power or opinions he conceived to be dangerous to him. His chief preparations consisted first of all in attaching to his interests some twenty thousand troops, and organising a large force of artillery: afterwards, as soon as the gunners were reported capable of hitting a barrack at the distance of eighty yards, His Highness bought all the houses in the vicinity, and burnt them down, so that he might have a fair open space on which to conduct his operations; this done, he collected an immense quantity of rice and corn, and other good things, within the

seraglio gates, and hoisted the standard of the prophet, inviting all good Mussulmans to flock round it as in duty bound. Many did so, but some sided with the Janissaries. After three days he marched out, planted his guns, stationed his troops, and commenced the deliberate slaughter of sixteen thousand men, which was duly accomplished within a reasonable time. He had also prepared lists of the names of those in the city who were supposed to be disaffected, and who were hanged, bowstrung, or beheaded, as was most convenient, to the tune of two or three hundred a day for several weeks. Shocking as this seems, it was almost necessary: for until something of this sort could be done, it was utterly impossible to establish anything like a government, or check the bloody outrages which were continually perpetrated by a lawless and overbearing soldiery.

Another excursion we made was to the Sweet Waters of Europe, which are also consecrated to *keph*, but principally frequented by Arme-

nians and others of the Frank population. The spot is not so pretty as the Sweet Waters of Asia, but still well enough for a pic-nic. There were some itinerant musicians in attendance, and I observed one of them playing on an instrument that was quite new to me: it consisted of a frame of about two feet long and one broad, with wires stretched across something after the manner of a piano-forte, but covered with leather stretched tightly over them; the performer held two sticks with cork at the end in his hand, with which he played on it; the sound was something between a very bad piano-forte and a dulcimer, and formed the treble of some lively airs which they accompanied with the voice. The people all seemed very merry, and the scene was so far superior to that at the Asiatic Sweet Waters, in that there was a proper mixture of men and women, without which no 'keph' is, in my opinion, worth a halfpenny. Mr. Knowles, who had not been of the party to-day, met us at dinner, and gave us an account of a

splendid *fête* which he had attended, and of which we had heard nothing: but as it was to continue during three days, our ignorance was of no consequence, and we all agreed to go over and see it the next day.

It was a *fête champêtre* given by one of the pachas to the sultan; the scene of action was a small plain like an English race-course, surrounded by rising grounds, and situated behind the town of Scutari. They are rather earlier in their hours than we are, so by one o'clock there we were fighting our way as best we could through the dense crowd. There was a very extensive space in the middle kept clear by the soldiers, where some mountebanks were performing feats of horsemanship, &c., in a circle as at Astley's, and opposite to us were some magnificent tents, about which all *other* 'foreigners of distinction' seemed to be assembled. We, therefore, sent Mustafa, who was in attendance, with our compliments to one of the officers on duty, and requested to be allowed to pass over

to the other side. While this was being arranged, I observed plenty of instances of the liberality with which those in authority bestow their kicks and cuffs on the community at large, and the humility and even apparent thankfulness with which '*the people*,' the only legitimate source of power (?) receive the same. A poor water-carrier, I remember, passed a few inches beyond the line of sentries, when one of them stepped up, and hit him a tremendous back-handed blow in the face, at which, however, the delinquent did not evince the least anger or surprise, but moved quietly off, while the soldier resumed his duties without any of that redness of face, or hurry, or flurry, or muttering, or other symptoms of excitement under which *we* generally labour after having given or received a similar token of remembrance. Police officers too were walking about armed with bastinadoing sticks, with which they seemed very expert in administering punishment (as the Morning Post recommends in the *Rejected Addresses*) to any

persons who might spit, cough, or be so tall as to prevent other people from seeing. In the mean time Mustafa had returned with permission for us to advance, and take our station among the grandees. We were conducted to a tent made entirely of crimson silk damask, and which had been expressly fitted up for the accommodation of the foreign ambassadors. Our sailors' jackets and straw hats looked very humble amidst the smart coats and glittering decorations with which nearly every one else was adorned; but we consoled ourselves that *we*, at all events, were decorated with clean shirts, which, I dare say, was more than many of them could boast of. There was plenty of wine, sherbet, and coffee, and a table groaning with the most delicious sweetmeats that human ingenuity could contrive. I here take my stand to sketch the scene before me, which was, beyond comparison, the most beautiful, in its way, I ever saw in my life. The reader must recollect that I am standing on a spot in the circum-

ference of a circle, which circle is about half a mile in diameter, and round which the multitude is assembled. Now for it: on our right are eight or ten marquees of equal splendour with our own; further to the right stretches the great mass of the crowd,—no women, of course, among them—*they* are sitting by themselves, under the shade of fruit trees, on a rising ground, immediately behind the men. On our left is the gaily painted kiosk, or summer-house, in which the Sultan has taken his stand, the entrance surrounded by pipe-bearers, fan-carriers, pachas, officers, grooms, horses, and a large retinue of attendants; on the left of that again sit the ladies of the seraglio, and all the women of distinction, to the number of about fifteen hundred, in three long rows, one behind the other —what an array of beauty!—I should *think*: but there's no knowing—those confounded *yash-macs*! Quantities of slaves are ranged behind, and at a little distance are drawn up some hundreds of arabas with their glittering bodies and

splendid canopies: a beautiful grove of trees backs this part of the ground. The left flank of the ladies is guarded by nearly a regiment of soldiers, who extend as far as to meet the men on the other side, and thus complete the circle. Opposite to us on the hills were posted more arabas, with horsemen of all ranks, and several thousand people. Just to the left of the rising ground the glittering surface of the Sea of Marmora breaks upon the view—add to which the distant minarets of Stamboul—the encampment of a Turkish regiment with their green tents on the hill side—a bright sun above our heads, and turf like velvet beneath our feet, and I think an Eastern tale scarce revels in a more gorgeous scene. There could not be less than thirty thousand people present. The Hercules, and Mercuries, and clowns, and rope-dancers, were indefatigable the whole time, and I'll be bound they never before had so fair a field for their exertions; for we, who were the nearest spectators, were full two hundred yards

off. Among the personages of consequence in our tent were the Russian ambassador, who wore a magnificent decoration of diamonds, and Lord Ponsonby, who wore a yet brighter ornament—the stamp of a finished gentleman. The Sultan's son-in-law, Said Pacha, came into the tent for a minute or two: he is a fine-looking man, about forty-five years of age, with a countenance expressive of the utmost good-nature and kindness of heart, and I understand he is all he looks—

On Fortune's cap he is the very button,

as Shakspeare says, for the old seraskier actually bought him as a slave in the market, and he is now married to the sultan's eldest daughter—is acknowledged as one of the royal family, everybody standing as long as he remained; and conducts the government of the empire whenever the sultan may happen to be absent. At five o'clock the people began to disperse, and we returned home, highly delighted

at our good luck in having an opportunity of witnessing so perfectly eastern a spectacle. We passed a most jovial evening at Mr. Cartwright's, who is as merry a host as I ever met with, but for myself, like Cassio, "I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment."

Talking of drinking and dramming, puts me in mind of the opium-eaters, on a number of whom the sultan played a capital trick some time back. He was passing through a quarter of the city where they sold the noxious drug, and the thought struck him that as the father of his people he was bound to put a stop to so pernicious a practice; so without more ado, he pulled down all the shops, over the site of which I have several times had the honour of walking, and sent every single soul he found in them to the madhouse, which happens to be close by, and there they remained with iron collars round their necks and chained to the walls for two or

three months, at the end of which time his Sublime Highness let them out on their solemn promise never to go mad any more. This establishment has been praised by some folks; for its excellent interior arrangements and accommodations for the unfortunate inmates: I can only say that I never saw more hideous looking dungeons in my life, and never beheld human beings treated so much like bull-dogs; but I conclude its admirers belong to that amiable class of people whose tenets are, that “every-thing serves everybody right.”

I have now nearly arrived at the end of every-thing I saw, and right glad I am of it, for sight-seeing itself is dull work enough, but still more so at second-hand; a fact which the sagacious reader has, I doubt not, already discovered. I do not mean to say that one ought not to see all that is to be seen wherever fate may put one down—it is part of a man’s education: but I look on it all as school-hours: there is some-thing in the idea of preparing myself for seeing

anything that takes away much of the pleasure which the object in itself ought to excite : it is what we see or hear, as it were by accident, that we relish most. Who would shoot barn-door fowls in preference to fagging after his wood-cocks in Albania? Nay, more, who would shoot even barn-door *woodcocks* with any degree of satisfaction ? None but an alderman. Again, how infinitely more do we enjoy a good story that flashes in a parenthesis, than if a person *hems* and grins, and informs us that he is going to relate a most amusing anecdote, and swallows a glass of wine deliberately before he begins ? There may seem at first to be no analogy between my woodcocks and my good story, but yet methinks there is some. It is your being prepared for the farm-yard woodcocks, and your being certain that they are *there*, that renders you indifferent to them ; and it is your being prepared for a *bon-mot*, and the certainty that the facetious hero will in due time deliver himself thereof, which diminishes your enjoyment

of it. In the one case the bird hops about inviting you to shoot it, and in the other the funny story hops about inviting you to laugh at it. But the bird ought to fly away as if it did not intend to be killed, and the good joke to flit by as if it did not mean to be observed. Your habitual lionizer is in my idea a barn-door sportsman: give me my grey-goose quill, with eyes and ears for powder and shot, and let me range over the wide world and walk up my own *game*. Many have been over most parts of my manor before, but yet there is plenty left for me to pop at; and I promise those who come after me to leave plenty for *them*.

There is yet one more expedition that I made just before my departure, and for the trouble of which I was amply repaid, as far as seeing what exceeded all my expectations goes, and that was to the meeting of the howling dervishes. Mustafa attended us also on this occasion. Having bid good-bye to our shoes, as usual, we were conducted into a low, dirty, and not very

extensive room, on the opposite side of which were hung up all sorts of charms, talismans, and such-like stuff. Along the side where we stood were arrayed in a row about eighteen or twenty of these wretches, who appeared to have been culled from the very lowest of the rabble—filthy in their dress and repulsive in their features. There were several soldiers among them. In the middle was a sort of high-priest, with very long grey hair hanging down his back, dressed in a white surplice: just in front of the rest stood a man, who appeared to act as fugleman to the party, and was the principal singer. A dancing dervish was in attendance, but did not seem to take any more active part in the proceedings than to receive and put by the turbans of the others. The business began with a sort of low chaunt, remarkable only for its quickness and monotony—every one jabbering against time; during this, every now and then they suddenly bobbed down their heads with a jerk, almost down to the ground. So far

it was very well: they then began to swing their bodies to and fro, which, as they were all wedged close together, and moved simultaneously, had a very curious effect; the movement was in this order: first leaning to the right, then bowing very low, and then leaning to the left; then right again, and so on: during all this time they uttered a dismal howl. Mustafa kept whispering to me, thinking I was not satisfied, I suppose, with the performance, "Wait a bit—they come much worse," and so indeed they did, for as they warmed upon it, they kept gradually quickening this extraordinary motion, the fugleman giving the time by clapping his hands, until they appeared quite frantic, their heads rolling about, eyes starting from their sockets—foaming at the mouths like mad dogs—and their faces, some white from exhaustion, and some nearly black from approaching apoplexy. The groans and howlings also increased in a similar ratio, until they were more like the roarings of wild beasts than any sounds issuing from the

mouth of man. I should imagine that so horrifying and disgusting a spectacle, so disgraceful and degrading to human nature, cannot be conceived, nor can I in any words of mine give an adequate idea of it. They used formerly to provide themselves with skewers to run into their flesh, but this is now forbidden. I was glad to make my escape, and felt almost surprised, on stepping into the open air, to find myself still a sojourner in this fair world; for the scene I had just left savoured more of Pandemonium than of anything earthly.

We strolled through the burial-grounds on our way home, and took a lesson from Mustafa in the meaning of the different turbans: there were pachas and secretaries of state, and lawyers and mollahs, and a thousand others; but at last I pitched upon a tomb which, from its superior size and decorations, I concluded must belong to some very great man indeed: so with a face suitable to the solemnity of the occasion, and feelings of respect for past greatness, I

inquired who was buried there? "Oh!" said Mustafa, "a favourite *horse* of one of the sultans. Well, there is more of him left now, than there is of his master—two dishes but to one table—that's an end."

The ten days to which we had been obliged to limit our stay at Constantinople were now drawing to a close, and although we kept telling each other all along, how glad we should be to get out of it, yet when the time came there was a feeling of regret at leaving, which I for one always experience, even if I hate a place ever so much; I believe the fact is, there is no place or person so thoroughly bad that no redeeming point can be found in them, and if a man is amiable at any moment of his life, he is so on the occasion of bidding adieu to well-known haunts and familiar faces; it is then more than at any other time that he is inclined, nay, irresistibly impelled towards forgetting the inconveniences and drawbacks of the one, and the unfriendly treatment of the other. Every

ill-natured word or deed that your enemy may have been guilty of is buried in that one little word “good-bye;” for he is rather a fiend than a man who can give his hand without his heart. *I* have felt all this, who have my likes and dislikes as strong as most people. Dr. Johnson would have admired me as “a good hater,” but I hope I am a good liker too: I will not say *lover*, because in common parlance, that word is only applied in expressing a person’s attachment to one of the opposite sex; although I almost might—for if I had loved a woman as well as I have loved more than one man, it would not have been my fault that I still remain in single blessedness. “Something too much of this.” By the way, don’t take me for a strolling player, because I so often quote from the immortal bard; but if he happens to have made use of the exact expression which I want, why “no offence to him, or any man of quality,” but I shall use it too, acknowledging the theft with inverted commas, after the usual

fashion. And now that I've regularly entered on a digression, I may as well proceed, and once more inform all who may be inclined to the vice of criticism, that I am not writing a "Eulogy on French Steamers," or a "History of Turkey," or "Travels in Europe," or anything of the sort: no, I am writing my journal, my own journal—I am putting myself down in black and white—I am transferring myself, in case anything should happen to me, into a smaller compass; viz. into a strange-looking oblong kind of book, backed and cornered with red; and for this purpose I have followed the example of many excellent egotists and autobiographers, both in prose and verse, and chosen my travels as the best thread on which to string a word or two on this subject, and that, and the other. I say this to demolish the disaffected, and lest they might imagine that they had discovered something that nobody ever dreamt of before: but to the more good-humoured readers I will make a promise, for

fear they might be disheartened at their prospect, that I will occasionally speak of other things besides myself, and although I *must* be principal actor, yet, as the playbills say, there shall be entirely new scenery, dresses, and decorations, as often as possible.

There was little, in reality, to regret on leaving Constantinople ; but, as I have said before, that invention must be barren indeed that cannot find out something that can be thought a loss, so for want of a more severe one, I regretted the loss of the fine handsome face of our hostess, and the pleasant evenings we used to spend at her hotel. Those who formed our party will long remember their several nicknames of Signor *Thé*, Signor *Santo*, and Signor *Piccolo* ; as for myself, I was Signor *Modesto*, which was, however, afterwards changed to—no, no—by the way, it *was not*. But the best friends must part ; so since a trip to Vienna *via* the Danube, was the next part of our scheme, we went to the packet-office, and took our places

as far as Orsova, on the Austrian frontier, and where of course we should have to pass a certain time in quarantine. The precise number of days was a matter of some interest to us, as may be imagined by any one who has undergone that species of imprisonment, in which the only consolation is to be found in the reflection that you are not there for picking pockets; but we could get no satisfactory answer whatever. First, "they could assure us that we should only have ten days; but then there *was* a report mentioning *twenty*; although it was entitled to no credit—yet it was impossible to tell—they were so many hundred miles off; but to the best of their knowledge, which, as they heard every fortnight, was pretty sure to be correct, it was ten days—in short, we might feel confident it *was* ten days, although, of course, the Board of Health could increase it whenever they liked." Such was the information we got, if information it could be called. I need not say, that notwithstanding their asseverations,

we left the office perfectly convinced that we were doomed to twenty days' confinement, and perfectly convinced, moreover, that they well knew such to be the case. But truth has become so scarce a commodity now-a-days, that one hardly considers a man a liar, provided he lies for his own advantage; for I verily believe that some men have a kind of preference for a lie—that they would avoid telling the truth if possible, even though it suited them best. First and foremost of this highly-respectable class are book-keepers at stage-coach or packet offices; after them come horse-dealers, *et hoc genus omne.*

Next came the passport miseries, and we were obliged to go and have our pictures taken, as the French consul in London calls it. To our surprise, Berkeley and I, who fancy we are as different from each other in appearance, as two extremely good-looking fellows *can* be, were described in precisely the same terms, so that we really began to think there must have been

something in the fact of our having been asked on four or five different occasions since leaving Corfu, whether we were not brothers; the good folks remarking at the same time that they never saw two people so much alike. By the way, I'm very sorry that we did not ask the painter on board the Tancred to take our pictures in reality, and put us "cheek by jowl," like William and Mary on a crown-piece, when the public could have judged for themselves; besides it would have done for a frontispiece to my journal. What's a journal without a portrait of the author? On second thoughts, however, I do not think I should choose that precise expression which I fancy my countenance generally wears when I am at sea, as *the* particular one to be transmitted to posterity.

The Black Sea has an ugly sound with it, and it is moreover famous for bad weather, which however, at this season of the year we were not without our hopes of escaping. But the moment I awoke on the morning of our departure,

the 15th of July, my ears were saluted with a certain ominous howling and whistling of wind, which, on the principle of coming events casting their shadows before, effectually took away my appetite for breakfast. But I laughed, like Sir Fretful, and said it was a capital joke, although for the life of me I could not see the pith of it, and managed to eat as much as my neighbours, although I thought every mouthful would choke me. A little before midday we repaired on board the Maria Dorothea, which was destined to convey us as far as Galatz. We were obliged to scramble through and over perfect crowd of Jews, Turks, Servians, Greeks, and Armenians, who were squatting about the deck in *horrid* numbers, until we arrived at the small space astern, railed off for the cabin passengers. We had no time to look about us before we got under way, and then the charming—the beautiful Bosphorus, claimed all our attention as long as we remained in it. From Constantinople to the village of Buyukdéré, at the

entrance to the Black Sea, may be about ten or twelve miles, during nearly the whole of which distance there is a succession of palaces, castles, kiosks, groves, gardens, and pleasure-grounds on each side ;—cake, sweetmeats, and liqueurs were handed round, and all went very smoothly as yet, in every sense of the word. We *grandees* who inhabited the cabin were eight in number: two Armenian merchants, complete Asiatics—an Italian gentleman—a German ditto—the Ducrow of the performers at the pacha's fête—an elderly English gentleman of the name of Steuart—and our two selves. The captain appeared a very nice, good-humoured, and even gentleman-like man; but as we approached nearer to “the open sea” he began to indulge in sundry ill-timed jokes about what we might expect in the course of half-an-hour, which I did not relish at all; in fact, he quizzed us more than was altogether decorous. The smoothness, the cakes, and the sweetmeats soon vanished; yet the motion,

although anything but pleasant, was not so very excessive; and, wonderful to relate, I answered to my name at dinner-time like a hero. Ducrow was quite *hors de combat*, as also was the German; they returned indeed to the charge ever and anon, but were as often compelled to admit themselves vanquished, and shortly abandoned the well-fought field altogether. I cannot say that *I* sat long drinking wine after dinner—I was not quite so much at my ease as all that, so I stretched myself on the deck till night-fall, and then went to bed and slept soundly.

July 16.—By nine o'clock in the morning, being under the land, and in smooth water, I dressed myself and arrived on deck just in time, as I thought, to receive the last dying speech and confession of poor Ducrow, who had lain sprawling on the deck the whole night, unable to move hand or foot from excessive sea-sickness, and who now presented such a picture of misery and helplessness as I have seldom witnessed, although I'm pretty often thrown in the way of

these tragedies in common life, and am no bad performer myself. It gives birth to sad reflections at all times to see man's strength and woman's beauty at so low an ebb: but here was a more than commonly striking instance of our wretched weakness: here was a man who, a few days before, was showing off, to the astonishment of thousands, his feats of muscular power—a man whose Herculean frame would seem to set at defiance the minor ills which beset weaker mortals: here was the giant more helpless than a child—the very laughing-stock of far worse specimens of humanity, who happened to be blessed with stomachs strong enough to keep them in a laughing humour, and hearts hard enough to permit them to indulge in their merriment. Disease conquers the most iron constitution—for that we are all prepared—and to it we must all expect sooner or later to succumb; but in the case of sea-sickness a man is merely placed in a situation where thousands gain their liveli-

hood, and—witness ye who have ever even crossed the channel—"how have the mighty fallen!" My poor Hercules, to use his own expression, was *rovinato*: his retort to the captain, who seemed inclined to quiz him, was good, and straight to the point:—"The next time we meet at Constantinople," said he, "I'll put you on one of my horses, which shall be worse to *you* than your ship is to *me*." And he was right—it *is* so through life: immediately that we are taken out of our own beat, what are we? From this scene I turned to the contemplation of a group of the second class passengers, consisting of a very pretty Polish Jewess and her very diabolically ugly husband, who, with a child strongly resembling papa, a nurse, and a poodle-dog, were huddled together on the larboard side in a corner next to our dominions. Hang me if I don't think the idea of so lovely and lady-like a little creature marrying such a greasy, straight-haired, bottle-nosed baboon, did not excite my disgust and

contempt for my species more than what I had just witnessed before, with the thoughts arising therefrom: but I conclude I must have been in a cynical humour this morning, and perhaps the lady showed her sense after all in preferring the beauties of the mind, of which I take it for granted this lump of bodily ugliness had a large share. Certain it is that I could never look at them without getting into a passion.

At eleven o'clock we anchored at Varna, so famous for its defence against the Russians during the last war. Here we remained two hours, which I spent in walking over part of the fortifications, which are new and very respectable. The town is rather strongly situated, being partly surrounded by a river and marsh. As a town it is a wretched place, as every town in Turkey is: no one can form a conception of the beggarly appearance of the whole country without having seen it. Here our *Ducrow* left us, taking with him a plentiful supply of champagne (!) to support him on his journey to Bucharest, whether he was going to buy some horses for the

Sultan, who had been so much pleased with his performances, that he had given him a good house to live in, besides appointing him his Hector, as far as horse-breaking is concerned. He could well afford his luxuries, for by his own account he received an hundred thousand piastres (a thousand pounds sterling) for his three days' attendance at the fête, and a snuff-box set in diamonds worth thirty thousand more. Many of the deck passengers also landed here; but Beauty and the Beast still remained to offend my sight, and challenge my endeavours to account for so unnatural an alliance. At one o'clock we had taken in our coals, and got under way immediately. The day was very fine, and the water smooth, so we were all of us enabled to do justice to a most excellent dinner. I beg to say, now I think of it, that I have never been in any ship where the eating and drinking, and the attendance, were so good as in the Maria Dorothea: it is the fashion for travellers to insert their names in a book kept for that purpose, with any remarks they may

choose to make; and a most salutary check it is on those upon whom one's comfort on board ship so much depends. Among other signatures I observed that of Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, who of course conveyed his praise in the words of Shakspeare—I forget the precise quotation just now.

July 17.—During the whole morning we were running along the low monotonous coast of the Delta of the Danube; the sea was completely discoloured with its muddy waters as far as the eye could reach. We passed through a number of Russian fishing-boats, and bought out of one of them a fine sturgeon weighing five-and-twenty pounds, for which we gave a dollar—not bad marketing. It was a difficult matter to decide which looked the most dull, dreary, desolate, empty, and barren,—the land that we were in sight of, or the elder Armenian's face. He was the very personification of indolence, sloth, and stupidity: there he sat, with a countenance like that of a singed pig,

smoking his pipe from morning till night. The only exertion of which he was ever detected of being guilty, was stroking his great hot paw down my head, grinning like an idiot, and then blowing the ashes from his pipe into my eyes—an amusing companion for a short voyage! The other was rather an intelligent fellow, spoke French and Italian well, and really imitated a human being very tolerably.

Of the three mouths of the Danube we entered the middle one, called St. George's, about noon. Nothing can look more unlike one of the channels for the outpourings of the mighty waters of this magnificent river: it is certainly not more than eighty yards in width, and the stream runs lazily. We arrived almost immediately at a Russian military station, and were obliged to show our papers to the commandant, who, with two pretty girls for his aides-de-camp, had taken his station in a gun boat moored close to the bank. Nothing could exceed the wretched appearance

of this little colony : the governor's house would have cut but a poor figure by the side of an English labourer's cottage, and his was grandeur itself compared with the ten or twelve others that surrounded it. No attempt had been made to clear away the reeds, except within a few feet of the doors, so that each house, or rather hovel, seemed to have dropped from the clouds into the midst of this desolate wilderness of marsh. I thanked my stars that the Delta of the Danube does not form a part of the British possessions. We abuse our colonies, and talk of dull quarters, stupid quarters, bad quarters, and miserable quarters, but in what dictionary the epithet is to be found that could do justice to *this*, I have yet to learn. As we passed onwards, we saw one hut about eight feet square, six feet high, and built of mud and rushes, at intervals of every two miles ; they each contained three or four Russian soldiers, of whom one was always on sentry, but what he was in charge of I cannot possibly guess.

The view on both sides of the river, as far as Galatz, situated nearly an hundred miles from the mouth, presents a scene of desolation, which, allowing for the difference of *the style*, I do not think even the deserts of Arabia *In-felix* can equal. It is one vast interminable plain of rushes, without a vestige of any living thing, save what I have already mentioned, or one single object for the aching eye to rest upon, except indeed some ships, which, being birds of passage, I do not consider as properly belonging to the landscape. There is not even variety in the rushes; they are all precisely of the same species, the same colour, and the same height; the tops being about equal with the breast of a man standing on the steamer's deck; so that this, with the extreme flatness of the country, would render it impossible for you to see a river of a mile broad, even if it were within twenty yards of you. This circumstance, together with the numerous and sudden windings of the channel, gives all the ships the appearance of being in

full sail among the reeds, which has a very extraordinary effect. Towards evening we were sadly tormented with mosquitoes, which for size, strength, and voracity, far excelled any I have seen on the shores of the Mediterranean: we found a thick cotton stocking no protection whatever against their incessant attacks. They literally swept upon us in clouds as we neared either bank, and the boatmen, who had been landed, and were towing their vessels against the stream, were all provided with small bunches of reeds, with which they kept fanning away these horrible little plagues. Now when a Black Sea sailor takes to fanning himself, I think it is high time to cry out against the nuisance which could be productive of so extraordinary a phenomenon.

We passed several of the Russian stations, which were provided with a platform raised on poles about twenty feet from the ground, open at the sides, but roofed over, where the soldiers were obliged to sleep and abandon the surface

of *terra firma* to their tormentors, who, it is asserted, do not trust themselves above a certain height from the ground. A night of torture was evidently before us, so we kept up our spirits according to the good old prescription, which recommends the "*pouring on 'em down*," as often as we could spare our limited allowance of fingers from scratching our wounds, or slaughtering the enemy. By the time we endeavoured to go to sleep, although numbers were left, still very many had fallen; and admitting that it might, perhaps, be encroaching on a poet's license, and affecting rather too lively an imagination for a common writer of prose, to say that the cabin resembled a butcher's shop—yet will I assert that the quantity of blood which issued (I had almost said *streamed*) from their bodies, after having undergone a certain compression between the back of a book and a hard board, would be almost incredible, not having seen the same, or (permit me to add) heard it narrated by a traveller of veracity; the which

purple flood did we behold with increased feelings of regret and commiseration, having every reason to believe that most part of it was our own.

July 18th.—If early rising be a wholesome thing, as some assert, I am sure I ought, on this memorable morning, to have made a very considerable addition to my days—thanks to the mosquitoes—for they turned me out at about half-past two A. M.; but as I lay down on deck until six o'clock, when we arrived at Galatz, and got up dripping with a heavy dew, which had been falling all the time, I am not quite so clear, on second thoughts, about the great benefits which were conferred on my constitution this 18th of July, and am almost inclined to be ungrateful enough to think myself lucky in having escaped an ague. The news of the morning was not of the most cheering description; namely, that the steamer from Orsova, by which we were to proceed, had not arrived; and this circumstance, added to a report that her

engines were out of order, introduced us to the agreeable probability of our being transferred to some Turkish vessel, (which means vermin repository,) there to pass some days, if not weeks, in quarantine. Our captain bestowed the compliments of *bestia*, *porco*, *pazzo*, &c., pretty liberally upon his brother of the “*Pannonia* ;” and if the disposal of the unhappy commander, after his secession from this vale of tears, had depended on the fiat of us English passengers, I’m afraid, judging from the general tenor, or rather the literal interpretation of our expressions, he would have stood but a poor chance.

Galatz is a town, and a most miserable one as far as I could see, situated in Moldavia, on the left bank of the Danube, which may be hereabouts some three quarters of a mile broad. There were a great many ships lying in the river, and trade, that is to say, the discharging and taking in of cargoes, seemed to be going on very briskly. There is a British consul resi-

dent here, who was kind enough to volunteer his services in endeavouring to procure us a few square yards of mud, on which we might remain until the Pannonia arrived, instead of going on board a Turk ; but this would be a great favour, and therefore of proportionably difficult accomplishment. However, it is astonishing for what miseries one may be grateful in certain situations, and we all felt that he was as good as a father to us. We passed the day in a very restless and perturbed state of mind, as may be supposed, except the fat old Armenian, who sat smoking all day with that provokingly placid expression of countenance for which these fellows are so celebrated, and never offered an opinion as to whether we were likely to pursue our voyage in comparative comfort, or undergo what I have just mentioned ; nor, judging from outward appearance, did his inclination lean a jot more to one side than the other. I do not know whether I envied or despised him most. The evening was spent in planning an

attack against the mosquitoes, in which the principal engine was to be a certain root, (the name of which I have unfortunately forgotten,) which, being burnt in a pan, would, they said, expel the brutes from the cabin ; but, after the operation, great care was to be taken that no window or door should be open even for a second, and consequently that no air should be admitted into a room of fourteen feet by ten, where slept eight individuals on a night in July ! Bad as this was, yet it would be luxury in comparison with what we endured the night before ; so that the fumigation took place accordingly, and answered very well.

July 19th.—On awaking this morning, we found, to our great joy, the anxiously expected Pannonia safely moored alongside. It seemed they had been detained in consequence of running aground, an event which we were assured almost always took place, at least once between this place and Skela-Cladova, either from the ignorance of the captain, or a sudden nap in

which the pilot was very apt to indulge. Upon going on board I found, to my astonishment, that though we were to be six days in her, there were no signs of any berths—the cabin being fitted up merely with a sort of narrow sofa, running all round, as is the case with the steamers on the Rhine, and I believe most other river steamers; but I prefer instancing those on the Rhine, because I am anxious to be intelligible, and I conclude that in this year, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, there is no one extant who has not perpetrated a trip in one. The good ship Pannonia had only two passengers on board, one of whom had belonged to the Euphrates expedition, and was on board the Tigris when she went down. He gave us a most interesting account of that melancholy event, and mentioned, among other things, how wonderful was his own preservation, for that, in trying to take off his things when the vessel was evidently sinking, his large Turkish sash caught in the rope which the awning is tied to, and

dragged him down under water; he said he was many seconds before he could disengage himself, which, however, he at last did—rose to the surface, and eventually gained the bank; but the situation was nervous enough, it must be confessed.

The rain poured in torrents the whole morning, and we were told that in this lovely spot it generally rains in good earnest three hundred days out of the year. The only circumstance that at all enlivened us during this miserable day, was the whizzing of a musket-ball very unpleasantly near us who were sitting quite at the stern; it was fired by the sentry stationed in the quarantine ground, at a boat full of poor devils, who had approached rather too near the sacred spot. He did not hit any one, which seemed rather to discompose him; so he loaded again in great haste, hoping, no doubt, that their propinquity would justify his taking another shot, and establishing his character as a good marksman, at the trivial

expense of a smashed thigh, or something of the sort; but they had got so far off before he was ready, that he was baulked in his amiable intentions. We migrated in the evening from the Marie Dorothé to our new ship, as the former was to sail in the middle of the night for Constantinople, and the latter purposed bearing us onwards early in the morning. The cook of the Pannonia turned out to be a great musician; or, if not exactly that, a most humorous "*buffo cantante*," and a very creditable performer on the guitar: he sang to us most part of the evening, and amused us much by his execution of Figaro's cavatina, and numerous Neapolitan ditties. At night each of us took possession of six feet of sofa, and procured from the steward pillows and some scanty coverings which did duty for bed-clothes: and by the awful hour of twelve we formed, if not a magic, at least a motley circle round our new abode. For my own part, not much admiring the antiquated appearance of the furni-

ture generally, I took the precaution of encasing myself in the unique garment which I have somewhere already described, and having been tied in by a fellow-passenger, found myself pretty secure from molestation; but, judging from the exclamations of horror and agony which occasionally broke from the rest, I imagined that my suspicions had not been without foundation.

July 20th.—We started on our voyage up the river at seven A. M. During this day's journey the marsh and rushes gradually disappeared, particularly on the Bulgarian side of the river, and we passed immense tracts of rich pasture land, diversified with hill and dale, on which we occasionally observed large droves of cattle and horses. The scenery had nothing at all grand or interesting about it, nor must anything in this way be expected by the voyager on the Danube; the river, however, was very fine in some points of view, being in places as much as four miles broad; and when its course

was straight for any considerable distance, the water bounded the horizon, in consequence of the extreme flatness of the country behind us ; so that I could imagine myself rather at the extremity of some bay of the sea than in a river, of which I had already followed innumerable windings, and from the mouth of which I was distant some hundred and fifty miles. Having discussed the beauties of nature, or more properly speaking, having none to discuss, I feel that the crew of our vessel really deserves some description : never were such a set collected together, I verily believe ; and as to their knowledge of seamanship, or *rivermanship*, or any other ship, one single glance told us that we had but little to expect from their assistance, should we experience any obstacles or difficulty ; and that we should be in no wise beholden to them, if we should be so fortunate as to arrive at our journey's end without accident.—*Imprimis*—the captain (if captain he must be called, for he was no more captain than any one of the

passengers) did not know or affect to know anything either about the engine, or the boat, or the river, or anything else : he seemed to imagine that his duty wholly consisted in abusing and quarrelling with all under his command; which he did with so little discrimination, that I believe he had a list of their names, and went through them alphabetically three times a day. The pilot was a little Turk, about four feet and a half high, with an enormous beard and turban : he was a most drunken little rascal, and could never be depended upon for one moment : I have already touched on the exploits of this gentleman as narrated to me by others, and shall soon have to mention another feat of his from personal observation. The crew were about eight or ten in number, Bulgarians, and as totally different from the sailor species as it is possible to conceive. They wore trousers of a coarse woollen cloth (undyed) made something in the Turkish fashion, "*en haut*," but continued tight from the knee to the instep ; they were girt about with a

scanty red sash, in which was stuck a knife, but which was, I believe, put to no more romantic or interesting a use than that of eating their dinner. Their principal garment was something in the shape of what we call a frock-coat, made of the same stuff as the trousers: both were slightly ornamented with blue worsted braiding. The heads of these strange beings were *thatched* with very long hair, which could not be accused of having even the slightest *wave* in it, and hung all over their faces and down their backs to a considerable length. A white sheep-skin cap, fitting close to the head, completed the costume. But although, as I have said before, they could not be admired for their sailor-like appearance, yet there was such an expression of good-humour and even intelligence about their countenances, that one could not fail to be somewhat prepossessed in their favour, particularly after having been accustomed to the scornful and savage faces of the Turks. The engineer was an Englishman, who gave himself the due

quantity of airs which he, like all his countrymen, thought it necessary to put on to overawe the foreigners—our cook was an Italian, as might be guessed from his singing propensities. So now, I believe, I have gone through the whole ship, “fore and aft.” Whist was the great killer of time; but as I am not partial either to losing my money, or to being addressed with that peculiar freedom of remark concerning one’s folly, stupidity, incapacity, &c., which is pretty certain to be the fate of an indifferent player, I took especial care to be left out of this (no doubt) otherwise delightful game. I was lucky enough to find a book treating of these parts, but the title of which I shall not mention, because I am going to abuse it; and I only beg that anybody who may feel inclined to pick mine to pieces will conduct himself with equal delicacy towards me: that is but fair. By heavens, the author is an amusing fellow, though he don’t know it! He says, among other things, that the Tartars, or more properly *Tatars*, who

are usually hired to attend those who travel in Turkey in the double capacity of guide and guard, are a separate race of people from the Mussulmauns, and mentions the deference paid to what he calls the Head of the Tartars. Why, he might just as well call English postboys a separate race of people ; the head of that respectable nation being, I suppose, a *boy* aged *seventy*, who reigns at the Green Man, Barnet, and behind whom I have had the honour of sitting on sundry occasions. He will be the death of me —it really is not fair to make me laugh so. Then again he says, the Seraglio of some pacha was pointed out to him. Why, every one knows that there is but one Seraglio in all Turkey, and that is the Sultan's palace at Constantinople ; he probably means the women's apartments ; but *a harem* and *the Seraglio* are two very different things. These, however, are merely mistakes ; but then I find specimens of humbug for which I cannot forgive him. Only conceive a man not being able to ride quietly along a hill-side

in the Morea, without talking about “the rocks, over which we were winding, tossed into all sorts of jagged forms: here impeded (the rocks?) by the straggling roots of trees—there by trees overthrown in some storm—now *menaced with destruction* by masses depending over our heads—now in danger, if our animals made a false step, of making no gentle transition from the rocks above,” &c.

What a most extraordinary thing it is that some men imagine it is incumbent on them to fancy they have a certain number of “hairbreadth ‘scapes” per month, merely because they are travelling! It’s a very hard case *I* never fall in with anything of the sort; but Nature herself seems to have set her face against my making a book. I’ve ridden the same road too, and I’m sure *I* saw no crags threatening destruction, or horrible precipices worthy of being mentioned in the same day with what every cockney has braved among the Alps: and as the man in the play says, “Although I can’t prove

it according to law, I'll take my oath before any magistrate," that there is no extraordinary danger whatever to be met with in this terrific road, which, judging from our friend's description, one would imagine either that no one had ever yet encountered, or that those who *had* been so venturesous had perished in the attempt. To be sure, it is *possible* that a piece of rock might tumble down and break your head, and so might a stack of chimneys in Cheapside; and a much more likely thing to happen, everybody must admit. "Now in danger, if our animals made a false step, of making no gentle transition," &c. Why, of course! and if your horse don't clear a stiff flight of posts and rails, you are in danger of making no gentle transition from his back into a turnip field, or a turnpike road; and I am certain that more necks have been broken in this way than riding along the edges of precipices,—dreadful and break-neck as the word sounds. There is plenty of danger in the world, no one doubts *that*; I'll be bound to point out fifty

places in the road between London and York, where, if you were upset, (being outside a stage-coach,) you must infallibly be killed ; and yet Simpkins does not wait at the Saracen's Head, Snowhill, to congratulate his friend Figgins on his miraculous escape from the horrible dangers of the journey. But I conclude I have not a soul capable of comprehending fine writing : or if it be an established fact that John Bull must gobble down a certain portion of the marvellous every now and then, 'twere better to stick to our old friend Sindbad, whose adventures are infinitely more amusing, and not a bit more imaginative, than those of most modern travellers. So good-by, Mr. ——. Sad dog.— Third edition—book sells—all right—mum !

Now I'm thought very uncivil, I dare say ; and yet I protest that mine are honied words in comparison with those which have been bandied about at the whist-table—indeed, such has been the quarrelling, that had I not before observed the tremendous black eye with which our German

friend is ornamented, I could almost have sworn that he got it in some scuffle there and then. In short, we have none of us been amiable ; so, after a few disputes, we were all glad to escape each other in the arms of Morpheus.

July 21st.—At about one o'clock in the middle of the night, I was awoke by a strange sensation, which I shall endeavour to describe as nearly as I can : I found myself, by some sudden impulse, sliding forwards, as I lay upon my back, about two yards, so that I had completely bid good-bye to my own bed, and encroached considerably upon that of my next neighbour. I was ready dressed for going on deck,—rather oddly to be sure, for it was in my sack as usual ; however, up I went, and found that we had run aground quite at right angles with the course of the river, the bowsprit stretching its protecting arm over a grass field. The moon shone very brightly, so that there could be no excuse whatever. Having ascertained our position, I turned round and beheld a very fine *tableau vivant* in the little

pilot, who was standing perfectly motionless by the wheel, and the captain close by in a most theatrical attitude, with a camp-stool in his hand, which he had seized by the leg, and was swinging high in the air, swearing and calling the Madonna and every saint in the calendar to witness that he would knock him to the devil that very moment. The blow, however, never descended, and a new antagonist to the captain immediately sprang up in the person of a sort of agent or managing man about the vessel, who, having more sense than the gallant commander, began issuing some necessary orders as to getting the vessel off: he was consequently accused, in most abusive and violent language, of interference, insolence, &c. &c., which was repaid by the other worthy in sneers, and some good, round, home truths to boot, about the ignorance of his superior officer, and in saying that if he could not command the vessel some one else must for him. Such topics of conversation are not the most soothing in the world, and, as far as words went,

nothing could be more dreadful than the strife ; but I had seen enough of the Italians to rest perfectly assured that the combatants would come to no personal harm ; for albeit the passions are said to be so much stronger in southern climes, yet notwithstanding is a hard word followed up by a hard blow nowhere so quickly as among our own less irascible countrymen. At length a boat was lowered, an anchor taken out astern, and the crew were occupied pulling and hauling, but all to no purpose. The Pannonia gave not the slightest signs of stirring, and we began to think that we should certainly have to remain where we were for a week or a fortnight, or possibly still longer, until another steamer could be sent to our assistance. In this truly enviable conviction I returned to my portion of the sofa, from which I had been so strangely removed, and endeavoured to show my contempt for misfortune, and high-minded carelessness as to the issue of the operations which were being carried on above, by going to sleep. But it was all in vain. I

could certainly by main force close my eyes, but that was all I could do; for, notwithstanding my strenuous endeavours to feel the contrary, I certainly *was* extremely anxious about the result; so that I discovered the utter impossibility of cheating myself, although I make no doubt that my horizontal position and affected snore appeared extremely magnanimous to my companions in trouble. Thus did I lie apparently tranquil, but really in torture, for the space of about an hour and a half, when, to my unspeakable joy, I felt we were once more afloat; and having satisfied myself that the engines were in full work, and that we were pursuing our course up the river, I did really and truly go to sleep.

At a later hour of the morning, the abridged operation of dressing and washing was performed much as usual, and we arrived at Silistria about noon. It rained in torrents, a circumstance which our excellent captain seemed to regard as an insurmountable obstacle to taking in coals, and we consequently re-

mained, to our great disgust, many hours without the slightest endeavour being made towards the effecting of this most necessary manœuvre. It luckily cleared up about seven o'clock in the evening, and something was done ; meanwhile we three Englishmen landed and walked to the gates of the town perfectly unmolested, although we were nominally in quarantine. Silistria must be a most miserable place even on a fine day ; but really, with the disadvantages under which we saw it, it looked too wretched for description. It is, however, fortified in a way, and has a deep ditch round it, which is choked up with the most gigantic weeds I ever beheld. We were soon glad to retire on board our ship, and sent for the cook, who was not long in bringing back our wonted flow of spirits with his unrivalled stock of musical buffooneries.

July 22nd.—We did not move onwards until one o'clock this morning, a fact which I relate from the evidence of others, as I seldom can

speak from my own knowledge of any incident which may occur at these uncomfortable hours. The country was of precisely the same appearance as yesterday, excepting that there was generally a greater extent of valley between the river and the rising grounds on our left. We passed some fine grass lands, but still interspersed with marsh, where we saw vast quantities of all kinds of water-fowl. Pelicans were in great numbers, and in one instance we saw a flock of them, which must have contained from two to three thousand. The storks were very tame, and strutted about without any signs of fear, although we were sometimes within fifteen or twenty yards of them. Wild ducks, cormorants, plover, &c., were in great abundance.

I am told that a grand row took place last night between the captain and all the other passengers except myself, who, being asleep at the time, could take no part. The subject, it seems, was the shameful delay of thirteen hours at Silistria, whereas the time we ought to have

remained there was stated in the tarif to be only two hours; I much regretted my drowsiness, since I felt extremely sore on this point, and longed of all things to give the gentleman a bit of my mind on the subject. However, I secretly determined to take the first opportunity of doing so, should one occur.

The stream of the Danube is very strong, so that we did not commonly make more than four miles or four miles and a half an hour, which is tediously slow, considering the sameness of the country through which it flows. At six o'clock in the afternoon we reached Rustchuk, which is the place where people who travel by land from Constantinople usually join the Danube. It is a six days' journey across the Balkan mountains, and the distance may be about three hundred miles. Rustchuk is situated on a high ground, rising immediately above the Danube, and has a considerable number of turf batteries, or field-works, commanding the river: there is also something like a regular fortification towards the

north-west, but almost in ruins, like everything else in the dominions of the Sublime Porte. A great many Turks, Jews, Greeks, &c., came on board the vessel, and seemed much gratified with the wonders hereof: so, while they were staring at our ship, Berkeley and I went to stare at their town, which was very irregularly built, and contained some poor bazaars, and five or six mean little mosques; in fact, there is nothing to see in Turkish towns, and consequently nothing can be more uninteresting than the description of them, for they differ from each other in nothing but the extent of filth and poverty that prevail more or less according to circumstances. See Constantinople, and you have seen everything.

The most interesting subject on which to employ one's contemplations while a sojourner at Stamboul, or a wanderer in the Ottoman dominions, is the question as to how far the Sultan's attempts to root out the absurd prejudices and bigotry of his people are likely to succeed? We

cannot look at his character, although somewhat blood-stained, without admiration: the personal courage with which he has alone, and almost unassisted, opposed his own good sense and enlightened policy to the darkness and barbarism of a whole nation, and the great tact that he has shown in executing his schemes, must challenge our respect. His grand stride was his emancipating himself from the thraldom of the Janissaries, by which he became the sovereign instead of the slave of his soldiery: he has taken away the power of life and death from his pachas: he has, in a great measure, put a stop to that system of insult and outrage which formerly rendered it almost unsafe for a Christian to traverse his dominions: he has done much towards instituting precautions against the plague: he encourages foreigners and men of science to enter his service, and rewards them most liberally; and all this, be it remembered, not only in opposition to the long-established customs of the Turks, but in the very face of

their religion. So much already done, it does not seem unreasonable to hope, that, should he be so fortunate as to attain a good old age, he will leave his kingdom in a very much more advanced state of civilisation than that in which we at present see it.

I am aware that people in England, who regard with a hasty glance the part which his Sublime Highness plays in the great game of European politics, will find some difficulty in giving him credit for that foresight and ability with which I for one believe him to be endowed. They see him, apparently, courting the treacherous protection of the Russian autocrat—his frequent antagonist, and his natural enemy ; but into whose arms is he to throw himself in his weakness ? Sad experience has told him that he has little assistance to expect from the other powers of Europe, and thus he prefers a precarious existence to certain destruction. One can easily see that his conduct towards his gigantic neighbour is influenced rather by prudent fear than blind love. But

this subject has been discussed so often and so ably, that I have no intention of touching upon it farther than for the purpose of carrying on my defence of the general shrewdness and good sense of the Ottoman emperor. Perhaps, however, it matters little whether he and his immediate successors be wise or the contrary : and this brings me to another part of my cogitations ; viz. as to the extreme improbability of the Turkish empire long holding together, or indeed having any footing in Europe at all. How completely out of place is a Mahomedan government in our snug little quarter of the globe ! Or if my readers will not grant its due weight to such a sweeping observation, with a mark of admiration to boot, why let us spread the map and our books of reference before us, and examine their position more narrowly. To the southward, the Morea, a considerable territory in Roumelia, Negropont and a number of islands, have already struggled out of the Moslem grasp : to the westward, Albania is

almost always in a state of revolt ; and as to the northern provinces, Wallachia and Moldavia, on the other side of the Danube, are almost certain of being annexed, within a very few years, either to Russia or Austria ; or, at all events, to throw off the Turkish yoke, for many reasons. In the first place, they are already under the immediate government of their own princes—the population is entirely christian ; and, according to the great natural divisions of the kingdoms of the earth, they do not and ought not to belong to Turkey. The same observations may also be applied to Servia, and in some degree to Bulgaria also : even in the central parts of the empire, from the Balkan mountains to the northern boundary of Greece, the population is certainly not more than half Mahomedan. All this forms a not very cheering prospect for them, and does not look well for the stability of an empire labouring moreover under the mal-administration of affairs by a wretched and iniquitous government—an empire throughout which the poor are

starving—the rich subject to all sorts of extortions—the cultivation of the soil neglected—the cities in ruins—the villages depopulated and deserted—trade and manufactures discouraged and at a stand-still. Surely he who runs may read.

It will be asked if the Sultan be really the fine fellow you describe him, how can these things be? I answer, because he stands alone; because he is assisted scarcely by one of his pachas, or by any one single soul in his dominions.—*Verbum sat.*

I am not without my hopes that even I may live to see the Cross everywhere triumphant, at least on this side of the Bosphorus, and perhaps be at the taking of Constantinople myself. I should have no objection.

We started again at eight. The wind blew furiously in our teeth, and the night was so dark that we were compelled to anchor at eleven o'clock.

July 23rd.—We of course proceeded at day-break, and I regret extremely, for the sake of

any admirers of the picturesque who may descend to be among my readers, that a succession of plains and very common-looking undulating grounds were all that we passed for many hours. I *could*, like some others, build a castle or two if I chose, and not "in the air" either, but on projecting rocks overhanging the river, with "their faces fixed upon the flood;" yes, and I could moreover forge a most heart-breaking narrative to correspond, about a young lady confined in a high tower by a cruel father, in consequence of her attachment to a handsome Turk or insinuating Christian—how said beautiful lady fished up said handsome Turk into said high tower—how said cruel father rushed in with long sword, killed daughter, lover, and himself—blood never washed out—ghosts appear every night;—but no, I won't. I think that originality is the great attraction in all authors, and I am determined to be the first traveller who narrated exactly what he saw, and nothing more, without any embellishment

whatever. I suppose that, like all other founders of a *peculiar style*, I shall have some imitators; but I shrewdly suspect, not many. Indeed so very delicate am I about being thought to ornament or exaggerate, that if unfortunately anything rather wonderful *does* come under my observation, I generally leave it out; for I remember I once related an anecdote concerning an egg, which, during a journey in mid-winter among the mountains of the Morea, was frozen so hard, that it stuck in the throat of every person who heard my story, and i was considered the greatest liar that ever lived for at least six months afterwards.

The thing that struck me most this morning was a pleasing attention to the classics on the part of the younger Armenian, whom I caught in the act of reading Virgil: henceforth he takes a much more elevated rank in my estimation than heretofore.

At three p. m. we passed the town of Nikopolis, which is very prettily situated at a considerable

height in a kind of ravine which divides two hills, the summits of which are crowned with turf batteries. There is a peculiarity about Turkish towns of this calibre, which I believe I have not mentioned before, and which is very conspicuous in Nikopolis, namely, that each house has a little garden round it—I don't mean a cabbage-garden, but one in which usually flourish some handsome shrubs, and even trees, so that the effect is very picturesque indeed ; but, remember, everything hereabouts must be seen *à la distance*, or the enchantment vanishes instantly. We passed this place at the distance of about half a mile, and consequently were far enough off to imagine it the abode of cheerfulness, contentment, and comfort ; but while yet in admiration and envy of the thick cool foliage of the fig-trees, and the gay appearance of the clustering roses, the agent informed us that, within the short space of two months, the plague had swept away three-fourths of the inhabitants ! We afterwards passed several villages, which had been com-

pletely depopulated by this terrible scourge, and so quickly did the work of destruction seem to have been completed, that the houses had no appearance of falling to decay—the gardens were cultivated—in short, there was everything to indicate the presence of human beings, which, however, were not.

We pursued our course until nine o'clock, when a tremendous thunder-storm came on, and the extreme darkness occasioned by it obliged us again to come to an anchor. Bed-time duly arrived after the usual quantum of whist and quarrelling, and I must have enjoyed a couple of hours' sleep, when I was awoke by the captain coming into our cabin, where, by the way, he slept with the rest of us. I went on deck to see how matters stood, when, lo and behold ! there we were at anchor in the middle of the river, while the moon was shining so brightly that I could have seen to read with great ease. Now this delay excited my indignation to such a degree that I was determined to clutch the

opportunity of having a rap at the captain, having been extremely uncomfortable ever since that unhappy slumber which prevented me from bearing a part in the conflict which took place two nights ago ; but I was now somewhat comforted by the reflection that I should not have the advantage of numbers on my side; we were fairly matched, one against the other and no seconds : so down I went again, and hit on a capital expedient, I flatter myself, to commence hostilities, or rather to oblige the enemy to commence them, as I did not wish to have the onus on my shoulders of being the first aggressor. In order to effect this I pressed a third person into the service, and addressed Berkeley, whom I knew to be fast asleep, with, " Well, you'll scarcely believe me when I tell you that here we are at anchor in the middle of the river, and the night is the finest I ever saw in my life !" No answer from Berkeley, of course, save a prolonged snore ; but the captain, as I suspected, took up the cudgels and grumbled out, that " it was very easy for pas-

sengers to talk, but that the crew were all *wet* (!) and must have time to dry themselves before they could do anything towards getting the ship under weigh. To this remark I responded by a hearty laugh, as the most vexing and disagreeable thing I could think of in my present amiable mood, as well as the most likely to provoke a continuance of the discussion. I was not disappointed: he proceeded to inquire into the cause of my merriment. I told him that "the idea of sailors being wet through nearly killed me."

"Well," said he, "and is it not very uncomfortable?"

"Oh, certainly; but this is the first time that I ever heard of a ship being detained in consequence."

"I don't care about that," returned the indignant commander; "I've made a great many voyages in the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, and I don't want anybody to teach me my duty."

"Well," replied I, with all imaginable civility,

"I wish you had made a voyage to the bottom while you were about it, and then you wouldn't be here to meddle with what you know nothing about, and delay us by your ignorance and laziness :" and I concluded my remarks by assuring him that I would report him to his employers at Vienna, as soon as I arrived there. Having thus expressed my sentiments, I resigned myself to sleep with a mind greatly alleviated.

July 24th.—We arrived at Oreava very early in the morning, and took in a fresh supply of coals pretty briskly, thanks (as I believe) to my nocturnal skirmish ; so that we were off again before breakfast-time. The first circumstance that took place worthy of mention was a grand row between the captain and the cook, which was scarcely finished when the former hero, not yet "tired of war's alarms," entered the lists with the engineer, who being what I once heard a fellow countryman abroad announce himself, "a reg'lar *Hinglishman*, and no mistake," and descended, I should imagine, at no very remote

period, from a Wapping victualler on the one side and a Billingsgate fishwoman on the other, proved himself a thorough master of his mother tongue in all its varieties, and soon completely overwhelmed his astounded antagonist with a rapidity of enunciation, a depth of personality, and a closeness of argument, (the very reverse of complimentary,) which even his compatriots listened to with wonder and admiration, and which brought our native land most vividly to our remembrance. I have made the commander of the Pannonia rather a prominent character in my description of this voyage, I confess; and perhaps have bestowed more words upon him than either his virtues or his failings would seem to demand; but my wish has been to give some idea of the miserable and inefficient blockheads to whom this Company entrusts their vessels—people who from their own low breeding and ridiculous ignorance are not even treated with decent respect by their crews, and to whom the passengers cannot bring themselves to behave

with accustomed civility. “ So much the more improper in the passengers,” is a remark which strikes on my prophetic ear ; but I must vindicate them, especially as *I* myself was numbered amongst them. I am a great stickler for civility —it is, to my mind, the most delightful thing in the world, and thus I admire the French of all people for their uniform exercise of it : but then again, although we have all heard of and appreciate such a virtue as patience, yet do we at the same time admit that it has, like most other qualities attached to our imperfect nature, a *limit* ; which limit we all agreed our captain had reached, so that we were under the necessity of throwing off that little amiable disguise —that sweet hypocrisy—that polite backwardness to tell unpleasant truths, which is the common feeling of every civilised and well-disposed being ; provided always that that civilised and well-disposed being has not been tempted to change his line of conduct beyond what man is capable of enduring. Now be it remembered

that I here formally protest against the right of any person, either male or female, sitting comfortably in an arm-chair before a good fire, to grumble out the word "*vulgar!*" or to lisp forth the monosyllable "*pshaw!*" unless that person has been wilfully detained six days on a most monotonous journey which ought to have been accomplished in four—has had his serenity of temper greatly disturbed by the exquisite tortures of myriads of mosquitoes—has felt that every hour's delay increases his chance of suffering twenty days' quarantine instead of ten—has experienced much impertinence from the person who has been the cause of all this,—then indeed, having been thus circumstanced, if he should feel it his duty to convict us of petulance, his condemnation shall carry some weight with it.

There appeared to me to be very little traffic on the Danube higher up than Galatz. We did, however, occasionally meet with some boats laden with merchandise,, and which were,

indeed, strange looking machines. They were flat-bottomed, and a high roof ran along the whole length: there is a short clumsy mast, which I never saw put to any use, as they are towed up the river and float down with the stream: they have a most enormous rudder, which projects behind about twenty feet: these vessels are of considerable size, and some of them, I should think, of as many as an hundred tons burden. We met also some immense rafts of timber in the rough, or rather a succession of them, (for there were sometimes four or five joined together,) with a man stationed on the first and one on the last: we were told that they were navigated as far as Constantinople, but how the voyage is accomplished across the Black Sea, I could never get satisfactorily explained.

July 25th.—Early this morning we arrived at Widin, where we remained two or three hours. This town is by a great deal the largest we had seen since leaving Constantinople, and,

beyond all comparison, the best built—the cleanest and the most decent looking altogether. It is very well fortified, and situated on an extensive and well cultivated plain. Indeed the whole scene bore an appearance of bustle, industry, affluence, and civilisation that one seldom meets with in the Ottoman dominions. All this has been the work of Hussein Pacha, who has the government of the place, and, considered as a Turk, is a sort of *lusus naturæ*, being neither a rogue nor a fool. It was quite delightful to contemplate the good that can be effected by one moderately honest man. This Hussein Pacha greatly distinguished himself in the last war with Russia, and defended a pass of the Balkan with much skill and bravery. He is very fond of seeing the passengers by the steam-boats, particularly English travellers, to whom he is very kind and attentive; but unhappily we left Widin at too early an hour to be received—a circumstance which disappointed us all excessively.

We had now traversed between four and five hundred miles of this magnificent river, and yet its width had not at all diminished. It seems wonderful that a steam-vessel should have floated on the Euphrates almost as soon as on the Danube, and that a thousand times more merchandise should be carried over the trackless deserts of Arabia, than borne on the waters of the finest and most navigable river in Europe. But the cause is evident after a moment's thought. The Turks possess the territories on both sides for nearly half its course; and this one fact is amply sufficient to account for all that is monstrous and preposterous in weakness, ignorance, jealousy, and stupidity—of all that is glaringly opposed to good policy and common sense. Certain it is, that the Austrians might reap many more advantages from her share of the Danube, if she chose to facilitate its navigation, and cut a few canals, whereby internal trade and communication would be encouraged, and something like a market found for the superabundant pro-

duce of the fertile plains of Hungary; but equally certain is it, that no exertion on the part of Austria, confined within her present boundaries, could make it that vast channel of wealth and commerce, which, from its numerous advantages as well as its situation, it would be so likely to become, were its whole course in the possession of an enterprising and enlightened people.

Shortly after we left Widin, the province of Servia commenced, and formed the right bank of the river; that is to say, lay on our left hand: for be it known to all those who may be ignorant of the fact, that a river is supposed to be a gentleman walking, running, or what not, onwards towards the sea, and that the right bank is the bank on *his* right hand, and consequently the left bank on his left hand; so that *another* gentleman meeting *this* gentleman has no right to consider *that* gentleman's right hand his left, merely because it happens to be his *own* left; —does every one understand? If not, I'm sorry,

for I despair of explaining the matter more clearly.

To return to Servia: it really appeared that half an hour's steaming had transported us to a new world, so totally different was the appearance of the country from that which we had just left. I scarcely know whether to begin with admiring the beauty, luxuriance, and variety of the trees and shrubs which crowned the hills; or the smiling vineyards and rich crops that stretched along the gradual slope quite down to the water's edge. There was not an inch of ground lost, and had it been situated in the middle of England, it could not have been more highly cultivated. Here we first saw again the bright, happy face of woman: here she was admitted to her undoubted privilege of being considered the companion, not the slave of man, and offered herself the cheerful sharer of his labours. I wish not, fair reader, albeit on my preferment, to find favour in your eyes by proclaiming myself the champion of your sex: you

have no need of one more added to so long an array, for I am inclined to think that few have passed through the ordeal of being denied the advantages of your society, even for the short time I have, without bearing willing testimony to the delight with which they have again gazed on those soft laughing eyes, and listened to the mild soothing accents of a woman's voice. However, it is not perhaps meet in this place that I should linger with such a subject, upon which I would gladly write more. I drop it then, bat with an earnest request that these my general commendations shall not be tortured and twisted by man or woman into a "preference," "attachment," &c: for any *individual*. I'll take my oath I'm not in love—so there's an end of it.

Mr. Quin has given a most excellent sketch of the present political condition of Servia—so good that I shall not trespass on his manor, but merely observe that it is possessed of something like a constitutional form of government under a reigning prince,—a blessing which has

been productive, as I conclude, of that feeling of security, and encouraged that honest industry which soon changes the face of a naturally rich and fertile country. The Servians pay tribute to the Sultan, but, beyond this, he has only a nominal authority over them. I began to get quite sentimental, as I thought of those fair portions of the earth, I cannot say in the hands, but under the feet, of a horde of barbarians, who make no use of them; particularly while there are so many fine young men, myself among the rest, to whom ten or fifteen thousand acres would be a real acquisition, if some kind enchanter of the olden time would transport the same, with a ring-fence to correspond, into a midland county of England. But some folks insist on it that everything is for the best, and would fain persuade me that said acres would not in the least contribute to my happiness; but I'm stupid—I can't comprehend the logic of such an argument.

The cheerful and agreeable scenery of hill and dale which was spread around us during

this day's journey, was a real treat after the wearisome monotony of the whole extent of country we had passed through since our entrance into the river; but our enjoyment was wofully intruded upon by the reflection that we had but one day more to revel in such poor liberty as a ship affords, before our entrance on the term of our quarantine imprisonment; when we should, in all probability, have the still more monotonous view of four white-washed walls and an iron grating, and that too for a much longer time. We referred at least ten times a day to our passports, upon which the state of the pest at Constantinople was reported; and various were the conjectures and hopes and fears concerning the interpretation which the Austrian authorities might put upon the ominous words, "*in un tempo ove c'e peste.*" The general feeling seemed to be that ten days' confinement would be endurable, but we quite shrank back in distrust of our strength, both mental and bodily, at the contemplation of twenty. In short,

I began to approach my highest pitch of unhappiness, which, luckily for me, is not very high at any time; however, I thought it prudent to administer to myself an especially potent glass of brandy and water, which gave me temporary relief, but conjured up most uncomfortable dreams concerning “plague,” and concluded with a churchyard vision, wherein figured a smart tombstone, with my name inscribed thereon, followed by a very fine family of virtues which I had never been accused of before, and which seem to be the peculiar property of all dead men.

July 26th.—While my imagination was thus amusing itself at my expense, it appears that we reached Skela Cladova, where we were to leave the Pannonia, and pursue our journey to Orsova by a different conveyance. At this place commence what are called the Iron Gates of the Danube, or, in more intelligible language, a mountainous country, through which the river winds, with its dancing eddies and dashing tor-

rents, for some thirty or forty miles, rendering it a matter of extreme difficulty for a steamer to make her way farther up. It is consequently thought advisable that the vessel should not be exposed to any risk, by attempting the passage oftener than necessary, especially when it is so easily avoided by merely exposing the passengers to a little more. We had, therefore, a large flat-bottomed boat in waiting for us, with a room in it covered over, something similar to what we call a house-boat, into which was transferred, at an early hour in the morning, all the baggage and cargo, also a sick man, who had been in the company's employ at Smyrna, and whose appearance alone was quite sufficient to fix our term of quarantine at twenty days, without any reference to passports; he was a very suspicious looking subject: so, with a plague-born selfishness tempered with a little humanity, we remarked, as on former occasions at Constantinople, that "though we should be sorry to hurt his feelings, we did not mean to *touch* him if we could avoid it."

We were made to gobble down an earlier and a worse breakfast than usual, and at eight a.m. wished good-bye to the Pannonia and her gallant Captain. I must not, however, omit to make honourable mention of a sublime specimen of forgiveness, and the art of wiping away the remembrance of former differences, evinced by the above-mentioned gentleman; and for which I from my heart forgave him all the annoyance he had caused us; being *weak* enough to confess myself rather an advocate for such-like obsolete and unfashionable virtues. He positively appended to his “addio” a regret that he had not been allowed to proceed to Vienna to refit this voyage instead of the next, for that he should have been able, in that case, to spend his quarantine with the present company, and that we could then perform the whole voyage together! Now I can’t help loving the provoking vagabond for that.

The good Servians seemed dreadfully afraid of us, eyeing us with a suspicious look, in which beamed, however, somewhat of a compassionate

expression, as if they regretted that so many people of high consideration should so soon fall victims to the pest; an event which, I believe, they looked upon as *settled*.

There was a personage of consequence in attendance, habited in an enormous pair of bright red breeches, which he put on to overawe us, no doubt: This worthy would not even allow us to buy a few loaves of bread, and sent a most savage-looking soldier, armed with swords, daggers, and yataghans, enough to make mincemeat of us all, to watch our proceedings, and fire into us when occasion required.

We were towed by some twelve or fourteen bullocks, driven by some five or six damsels, whose office was anything but a sinecure, for the beasts sometimes turned upon each other, and the whole team instantly fell into the most glorious confusion; the ladies, however, always allowed them to extricate themselves, and get into their proper places again, taking no further trouble than was comprised in belabouring them with all their might and main with thick cudgels,—

cudgels which would not have disgraced even Donnybrook fair itself. We progressed, as Jonathan says, mighty slowly, and passed up some rapids, which, had the rope broken, would probably have spared our military escort the trouble of shooting us,—an operation which would immediately have been performed, had we been so unfortunate as to reach the bank alive.

The scenery here was very fine; we were at every point completely shut in by richly-wooded hills, and wound our way through them as through a labyrinth, never being able to guess at which point we should next make our escape. There was also a very proper quantity of islands, cliffs, rocks, &c., scattered about very naturally; in short, it was a dear, delightful love of a spot, and I could not help thinking that a great many young ladies of my acquaintance would have approved of it amazingly. Not that I object to these things myself—quite the contrary: there is scarcely a face which ‘multifaced’ nature (I borrow my epithet from Southey) exhibits, that I cannot gaze on with some feeling allied

either to interest, pleasure, or admiration; but I do not know whether it is precisely what is termed "*the picturesque*" that I prefer—my affections, I think, are divided between her bewildering vastness and her glorious munificence. Besides, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick;" and after having voyaged, day after day, through six hundred miles of the most uninteresting country in the known world, I really was too much out of humour to enjoy the change now, and felt vexed at the idea that ten miles of the Iron Gates were to be my only recompense for so much monotony. Such is the distance between Skela Cladova and Orsova, and which we were an equal number of hours in accomplishing, viz. from eight in the morning until six in the afternoon.

Our invalid, I discovered, had been lying on my capote all the time, which, in the present battered state of my nerves, was not calculated to improve my night's rest, that is to say, if I have any faith in the doctrine of contagion; but it ministered to the poor wretch's comfort, and

as he thanked me for the use of it, I could not resist being magnanimous enough to prove to him that I did not in the least suspect him of having the plague, (although in truth I held a very different opinion,) so assumed much placidity of countenance, and, with a gay and jaunty air, tucked the garment under my arm and walked off—phew!—feeling as if I nursed an adder in my breast.

Orsova is a small town, beautifully situated close on the river's bank, and surrounded on every side by lofty hills. We landed in a small enclosure, set apart for the infected, and roared out in half a score of languages at once to the assembled loungers, requesting to be told how many days' quarantine we were doomed to. Three or four Germans slowly took their pipes out of their mouths, and lisped forth "*twenty*," as mildly and quietly as if they imagined it would be no more trouble to us to undergo the reality than it was to them to give utterance to the word. Yes, they did not seem to have the smallest notion that "*that one word*" *twenty* was

as horrifying to us as ever "*banished*" was to Juliet. As a child, seven was the number that frightened me most for a long time, having a lively recollection of that infernal disturbance in *Der Freischutz*—then twelve used to bully me confoundedly, seeing that 'tis the dread hour of midnight when ghosts, hobgoblins, bloody murderers, and all those uncomfortable fellows stalk about, catching their deaths of cold—but twenty must ever be my peculiar abhorrence for the future.

Oh, for the disgusting indifference and brute-like contentment of that happy Armenian rascal ! There he was, looking as inanimate as the log of wood he sat upon, enveloped in his usual cloud of tobacco-smoke, and congratulating himself, no doubt, on his wisdom and prudence in having reduced his whole earthly enjoyment within the narrow compass of a pipe. But no—as I contemplated that pig-like apathy and dulness, I could not envy him ; and I fancy if some of my acquaintances, who prefer inhaling

a stinking and noxious vapour to the pure air of heaven, had been at my elbow, and could have seen the creature they were imitating, and the end at which they were endeavouring to arrive, there would surely have been some converts from this filthy and senseless habit. Almost every man who smokes, or has ever been a smoker, must of necessity have been, in the first instance, a fool—and an exceedingly bad style of fool; for I think scarcely any one will have the hardihood to assert that he liked his first cigar; and those who feel anxious to tell the whole truth, will probably admit that they were beastly sick after it. Why then continue the practice? “Why, because I was a fool,” is the only answer that can by possibility be given. I myself have been one of those fools, and the only merit *I* claim is, that I am honest enough to confess it. I do in grief acknowledge that some few men are habitually smokers, who originally possessed sense enough to know better; but look at the great majority of men, who are worth

looking *at*, and I will venture to say they are not the servile followers of muddle-headed Germans, dirty Turks, and hackney-coach cads; whereas, whenever one has the misfortune to meet something out of the common way, as an egregious and surpassing blockhead, I'll stake my existence he lays claim to the title of "a great smoker," and tells one numerous and edifying anecdotes how that he always goes to sleep with a cigar in his mouth—smoked seven dozen and a half between London and Doncaster—with many other feats indicating equal good sense and magnanimity, by which he feels conscious of having secured the respect and admiration of the company in no small degree.

The quarantine establishment is situated about a mile from the town of Orsova, in a valley which runs up at right angles from the river, and as soon as two or three carts arrived to carry our baggage, and the oxen were 'put to,' we were marched off under a military escort, and reached the place of our imprisonment

shortly after seven o'clock. The building appeared large and spacious, and was surrounded by a high wall: it consisted of two quadrangles; the one being warehouses for goods and merchandise, and the other comprising a number of little houses facing outwards, for the accommodation of the *live stock*.

The first person we met on entering was the doctor, a thin, chattering cadaverous looking mortal, with fierce sparkling eyes, and a beard like a blacking-brush. On our approach he threw himself into a fencing attitude with his stick, desired us to keep off and show him our passports, which he went through the farce of pretending to read with great care and minuteness at the distance of ten yards: an assistant then collected them with a long pair of tongs, and carried them off to undergo some more fumigation. Mr. Steuart, Berkeley, and myself, begged for a house to ourselves, but that we were told was impossible; however, they agreed to lock us up together, and we were to choose any two others

for our companions that we liked. We decided that “Black-eye” and “Whist” were the least disagreeable of the lot, and they gladly embraced our offer of joining forces. Of “Black-eye” I have already made honourable mention; but I forget whether I have ever explained that “Whist” was the Italian of the party, and gained his cognomen certainly not on account of his play, (except on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle,) but from his great attachment to the game. As an apology for adhering to these appellations, I must only say that we knew them by no others, and so “Whist” and “Black-eye” they must remain till the end of the chapter. We five, therefore, were immediately conducted to what was to be our dwelling-place during the next three weeks: we first entered through a high closely-barred gate, painted in those horrible black and yellow stripes which all who have been in the Austrian dominions must be pretty well acquainted with, and found ourselves in a very small court-yard,

with a well in the middle of it: opposite to us was our future habitation.

We were possessed, it appeared, of a sort of kitchen, and, by the side of that, a room about fifteen feet square, behind which was another of the same size, looking into a garden which filled up the area of the quadrangle. A very primitive looking deal table, and half-a-dozen wooden chairs, weighing about three or four stone each, was the only furniture we fell heirs to. We were now without delay delivered over to the charge of a chubby-headed lad of eighteen or nineteen, rejoicing in the appropriate name of Lazarus; and the doctor, after delivering an oration touching the necessity of strict obedience to our keeper, and hoping we should find everything *comfortable*, made his bow and withdrew.

The torments of the mind began now to give way to the more pressing pangs of hunger, which was not very strange, considering that we had eaten nothing since half-past seven in the morning, and then made but a very light repast.

Mr. Lazarus was, therefore, despatched for some dinner, which was duly brought after considerable delay. We, moreover, succeeded in hiring a mattress apiece, with some pillows and bedclothes. Berkeley, Mr. Steuart, and I, agreed to occupy each of us a corner in the inner room, and Messrs. Whist and Black-eye disposed of themselves as they thought proper in the outer, which was also the dining apartment.

July 27th. While we were yet firmly locked in the arms of Morpheus, a messenger arrived from our friend the doctor, with the extraordinary request that we would immediately set to work and make out a list of every the most minute article we were possessed of; even to our money, pens, razors—in short, every single thing. We said it was impossible: and when I looked over the strange nick-nacks that one picks up in travelling, I'm sure I, for my part, despaired of ever making out my list so as to be at all satisfactory or intelligible. But the

messenger marched off without another word; and, after holding a council of war, we came to the conclusion that, being in the hands of the Philistines, it would be good policy to do our best and comply with our orders as far as lay in our power.

Towards the middle of the day, the doctor arrived, attended by a secretary bearing several enormous sheets of paper. The worthy medico only spoke German, and as neither Berkeley nor myself were adepts in that language, the others officiated as interpreters. Among other goods, Berkeley possessed "a lock of hair."

"What?" said the little doctor.

"Some hair," answered Black-eye.

"Let me see it," said he, rather puzzled, or fancying it might be some article of commerce to stuff cushions with.

At length, from the recesses of some fifty folds of silver paper the curiosity was produced, and lo! a long glossy curl of beauteous auburn dangled before his enraptured eyes. A boister-

ous roar of laughter immediately succeeded, and the doctor, throwing down his pen, swore *bei Gott* he would get us forty days quarantine instead of twenty, if we did not treat him with respect!

At this awful threat we bit our lips and maintained a tolerable gravity of countenance, until Berkeley had to give an account of the state of his finances, when, in consequence of my being Paymaster General, the whole contents of his purse were found to amount to no more than two Turkish piastres—about threepence halfpenny of English money. I roared *again*, but no notice was taken of it this time, for the poor doctor seemed struck deaf as well as dumb with amazement.

As soon as he recovered the power of utterance, “Mein Gott, sir,” he gasped out, “what is to become of the bill?”

“What bill?” said Berkeley, with much innocence.

"What bill, sir? why, the bill in quarantine, to be sure, sir," explained the knight of the pestle.

"Oh," rejoined the other, "I quite forgot: I'll pay as soon as I've any money."

"But you must pay directly, sir."

"But I can't."

"But you must."

By this time I thought the joke had been carried quite far enough, and fearing lest we might be put on short allowance, I desired Black-eye to communicate my willingness to be answerable for all his debts.

Thus was peace restored, and many flattering encomiums were passed on my great kindness and liberality. But, alas! I was destined but for a very short time to bask in the sunshine of the doctor's favour; for my turn came next to deliver up an account of my possessions: and, as ill luck would have it, "one box of pills" stood at the top of the list. Not dream-

ing any harm, therefore, I commenced, after a few introductory hums, with “One box of pills.”

“*Ein* box of pills!” repeated Black-eye, in German, with all the pomposity of an interpreter.

“Der teufel!” thundered the doctor, starting up in a perfect fury, dashing down his chair, and striking the table with his clenched fist, while poor Black-eye made a sort of retrograde hop into the far corner of the room. “Der teufel! laugh at my profession? How dare you insult my profession? But you shall repent it. I'll show you that I'm to be treated with respect: and as sure as my name's Von Gallipot, (or whatever it might be,) you shall all have forty days' quarantine!”

This seemed to be his favourite mode of punishment, though rather a strange one, to be sure; and notwithstanding we were perfectly convinced that he had no power to do any such thing, we honoured him so far as to explain that no insult

was intended to his profession; that I really *was* armed with the above-mentioned box of pills, and that he might see them, or even take one, if he had any doubts on the subject.

"Well," said he, "I don't want to put down such ridiculous articles as those."

"But, dear doctor," replied we in softened accents, "we were ordered to mention everything, and how were we to know that pills were an exception?"

The storm now abated, and he professed himself ready to continue his task. After sundry unimportant items, which were taken down without further interruption, I came to a little filagree-work silver cup, which the Turks use as a kind of stand for coffee-cups, and which, to save the trouble of so long an explanation, I had put down as 'one *thingumbob*.'

"Plait-il?" inquired Black-eye, somewhat puzzled.

"Un *thingumbob*," said I.

"Ein *thingumbob*?" repeated that gentleman, with all imaginable gravity.

"What on earth *is* that you're talking about?" inquired Berkeley, who had not been paying much attention latterly.

"Oh!" replied I, "nothing but one of those Turkish things; and as I did not know what to call it, I've put it down a thingumbob."

"Ein—thi—ng—um—," drawled out the doctor syllabically, and spelling it with great care and accuracy.

"B—O—B," added I, throwing in a little amiable assistance, and keeping my countenance wonderfully well, all things considered.

I turned round and beheld poor Mr. Steuart and Berkeley apparently in convulsions, with the greatest part of a towel stuffed into each of their mouths, fearful of again provoking the wrath of the little doctor; so, dreading the bursting of a blood-vessel or a fit of apoplexy, I hurried on to coats, stockings, and such like common-place articles, and the business of the morning was brought to a conclusion without any more difficulties. Before he took

his departure, we underwent a personal inspection, and were reported as not having the plague upon us *at present*.

Now, as this was the thirteenth day since we left Constantinople, and as shirts, &c. are unanimously admitted to require washing occasionally, it began to be advisable to enter into some engagement for the effecting of this most desirable object. To be sure, Berkeley, with admirable forethought and presence of mind, had provided himself with two of those vestments, coloured with alternate stripes of black and chocolate, as well as my memory serves; and in singing the praises of which, Mr. Steuart very justly remarked that they were vastly superior to all other shirts in this particular: viz. that you might wear them *as long as you liked*, and they would always *look well*! The necessity, therefore, was not so pressing on him, as on some of the rest of us who had not the happiness to be possessed of such inestimable treasures. Of course, none of our clothes could

be taken out of our den, and therefore the only thing to be done was to go to the expense of taking a laundress into quarantine with us: so accordingly Lazarus received orders to look out for a getter up of fine linen, to whom liberty for a few weeks was not an object, provided she had plenty of occupation and the advantages of good society. Lazarus executed his commission with great despatch, for the next morning a man appeared at our gate accompanied by his wife, who, he said, was quite ready to come into quarantine and take upon herself the duties of our washerwoman, but that we must pay her two swanzikers per diem, and give her plenty to eat: he said he was the more anxious to come to a full understanding on this point, as the last people with whom she was in quarantine had nearly starved her. And indeed she did not look very fat: so, compassionating her meagre appearance, we struck the bargain with him at once, and assured him we should take

a pride in turning her out in better condition than our predecessors had done.

It may readily be imagined that there was no great variety in our occupations or mode of living during these twenty days; so that I humbly conceive it would be quite useless, if not exceedingly tedious, to make particular mention of each successive day, seeing that it would give me the trouble of recounting a number of dates, which would only be followed by that one comprehensive word “ditto.” I shall, therefore, merely narrate our proceedings during four-and-twenty hours; and if the arithmetical reader will do me the favour of multiplying these by twenty, he will find the sum-total of all that was achieved by the whole party.

In the first place, then, we rose at about half-past eight, and devoted some time to the recreations of washing, shaving, and dressing; which latter was on rather a reduced scale, as

we were in the habit of considering ourselves sufficiently smart with the limited adornments of shirt, trousers, and slippers. Any one presuming to wear stockings, braces, or such-like *trinkets*, was hissed and despised as a coxcomb. In the course of an hour our breakfast was prepared, consisting of coffee, deliciously fresh milk and butter, very good bread, and some eggs, which Lazarus usually succeeded in boiling till they became as hard as brickbats; or sometimes, on being reminded beforehand that we preferred them soft, he used to put in practice some most ingenious contrivance by which the yolks were boiled perfectly hard, while the white part remained in a fluid state. This was a secret in cookery worth knowing, so I begged for the recipe; but I fancy the rogue was loath to part with it, for I never could persuade him to unfold the hidden mysteries of this masterpiece of art.

This repast being finished, Whist invariably proposed his favourite game, and Berkeley and

Mr. Steuart as invariably answered, “ By all means.” A well-known personage called “ dummy” formed the fourth, since Black-eye generally went to bed again immediately after breakfast, and I was busied in writing what I am unreasonable enough to expect you will read without any inclination to fall asleep. Poor Black-eye did occasionally rouse himself and take a hand ; but not often—for, like me, he was not very fond of the flattering compliments which partners so liberally bestow upon each other. At these card-parties it used to amuse me exceedingly to observe the grave manner with which, after a hand had been played, one would remark that “ Whist played his king and Black-eye trumped it,” and how fully the two foreigners seemed to acknowledge their new christening, as if they had never been called by any other names.

Thus passed the morning, and at two o’clock arrived the dinner. It may, perhaps, be thought by those who are inexperienced and uninitiated in matters of gaol discipline and eco-

nomy, that in *this* there would at any rate be found some little pleasing variety. But they are egregiously mistaken, for the whole twenty dinners were precisely the same in every respect: not that they were bad ones, inasmuch as they consisted of the following dishes, which appeared in the following order: first came vermicelli soup—then bouilli beef and potatoes, which was followed by a dish wherein lumps of grilled meat floated on a sea of sour krout—next came slices of fried sturgeon—after that, something sweet—‘the whole concluding’ with roast chicken and cucumber salad. We could get some indifferent champagne and tokay—also tolerable rum: we had, moreover, brought two or three bottles of good brandy with us from Constantinople: so that really, as far as eating and drinking went, we were very well off. After dinner Black-eye went to sleep again, Whist amused himself by painting his face, dropping flies into his mouth, and similar pastimes—and the rest of us retired each to his

own corner,—Berkeley accompanied by Don Juan, I with a volume of Shakspeare, while Mr. Steuart was employed in drawing the likenesses of some specimens of ancient eastern architecture, which he had ferreted out in the wilds of Asia Minor.

About this time the doctor usually paid us a visit to inquire after our health, and having been addressed with the never-varying question, “ Dear doctor, may we walk ?” to which he always answered “ *presently*,” hit Lazarus a crack on the head with his cane, and skipped off. For the first three or four days we never got our walk at all, as nothing of the sort was offered to us, and we were not aware that it was the etiquette to apply for permission to the doctor as a favour—an attention which we were afterwards informed he always exacted; and that if this simple ceremony were gone through, we should never be refused. Necessity is the mother of a goodly progeny, I dare say—Invention is a well-known *chick* of hers—and

I'm quite sure that she numbers Humility among the rest. It was ludicrous enough to note the submissive manner and supplicating voice with which we uttered the words, "Dear doctor, may we walk?"

After his departure, Whist and his party again sat down to cards, and continued *hard at it* until "presently" came, and the gates of our court-yard were unlocked, which event took place at about half-past five o'clock. We then all sallied forth, overlooked by the eagle eye of Lazarus, and walked round and round the quadrangle, (now don't quarrel with the expression, because I believe one may be said to walk *round* a place, even though it be square,) peeping into the several yards, in which were confined people of all ranks and descriptions, from counts and princes down to Wallachian bullock-drivers. After about three quarters of an hour Lazarus ordered us in again:—I say *ordered*, for although he was our servant *in* our cell, he was, in the fullest sense of the word,

our master *out* of it. We commonly continued walking up and down our court-yard until about seven o'clock, when we supped. Whist succeeded, and Black-eye and myself fabricated punch for the whole party, since the rest were too much engaged to *brew* for themselves, although they generally found time to *drink* as much as we did, which I must say they might easily do without any risk of unfitting them for their serious and important duties. At a reasonable hour we joined forces, and demolished all the mosquitoes in our apartments; which took us about half an hour to accomplish. After that, having seen Lazarus comfortably settled in a corner of the court-yard—our laundress enjoying her first sleep *in* her wash-tub—the fires out, and the house-door locked—(no, no, I beg pardon—some one else did *that* for us)—we retired for the night.

Such were the occupations, amusements, labours, pleasures, and miseries of *our* days, but—now for a string of similes—even as a young lady loveth to overhaul many boxes of

ribbons before she chooseth one — even as a young man preferreth to see many young ladies before he taketh one to wife — even as some consummate vulgarian liketh to pinch each and every nectarine in the dish ere he selecteth the one which is to undergo the honour of being consumed by him — so also may those who shall hereafter be placed in our unfortunate situation be glad of a choice as to the method of whiling away the term of their imprisonment. Anticipating, therefore, so natural a wish, I one day, during our afternoon walk, took the opportunity of inquiring of some gentlemen, who were confined in the next house to ourselves, concerning the mode of living which *they* considered most conducive to comfort and contentment under such circumstances. I give the recipe as nearly as I can recollect in their own words.

“ We get up about ten, and smoke a pipe : we then make our coffee, and after breakfast we smoke another pipe, and take a glass of brandy and water. We then play at vingt-et-un, and

before dinner take another pipe and some more brandy and water. After dinner we sit smoking and drinking for an hour or so, and then go out to walk: when we come in we play at vingt-et-un for a short time, and then smoke a pipe, and afterwards eat our supper. We then sing songs, and smoke, and drink brandy and water till about twelve o'clock, and then we go to bed."

Now there was a good deal of philosophy in this, as well as a good deal of brandy and water: certain it is they were very merry fellows, and seemed to bear it all with great good-humour.

All the advice which I give is, never to grumble at what cannot be helped, except in jest; and to remember that—

. . . . “Levius fit patientià
Quicquid corrigere est nefas.”

This is not a bad principle for any man to act upon, who is not predetermined to spend a life of misery and torment, and who is desirous of travelling into his grave by some regular road,

instead of taking a short *cut* into it by means of a razor; but to any one "*en voyage*," these ingredients of disposition are absolutely indispensable. He must expect many annoyances—many discomforts, many disappointments; and the only thing to be done is to laugh at them. I begin to fancy that if anything deserving so grand a title as a moral is to be discovered in these few pages, it is to this effect. I have derived the greatest advantage from adhering to this system myself, and am anxious that others should share it with me. I have ever found, during my short experience in the course of a life, which, like that of true love, has never run very smoothly, that the ludicrous has trod so quickly on the heels of gravity or distress, nay, has been so strangely mixed up with them, that I almost begin to think that a man might do nothing but laugh from the very beginning to the end of the chapter, if he were so inclined. As an illustration I will only mention that, as long as I enjoyed good health, I do not remem-

ber ever spending a merrier (I had almost said a happier) time in my life, than while undergoing this very quarantine: and yet to some people I fear the assertion will be most incredible. Well, well; travellers are privileged gentry, and have a right to tell strange things every now and then; but in common humanity to my sceptical friends, I cannot help wishing the time may soon arrive when they will see nothing so very extraordinary in it.

The day of our release was, according to certain hieroglyphics chalked on our gate, the 15th of August; and this, according to the custom of reckoning the day of going in and that of coming out, each as one, (as is usual in most quarantine establishments,) was inflicting twenty-one days upon us instead of twenty. We of course determined to take the first opportunity of mentioning this circumstance to the governor of the place, who was a military officer of rank, and a very gentlemanly old man. He had paid us a visit on the second day after

our arrival; but at that time we had not observed the mistake. An occasion soon offered itself; for one afternoon as I was lounging, strutting, slipping, or what not, about our courtyard, while the rest were taking their siesta, His Excellency appeared at the gate, to whom I had fortunately just time enough to make my bow, before I beheld one of the most beautiful visions in the shape of an Hungarian Countess that mortal eye ever gazed upon. All considerations about quarantine popped clean out of my head—my heart jumped up into my mouth—I quite forgot the Commandant, and began to put on my most fascinating air, which must have appeared inconceivably absurd on a person habited as I was, in nothing but a shirt and a pair of trousers, with a red Turkish cap on my head: indeed, not even my vanity could prevent me from observing that nothing but politeness hindered the fair object of my admiration from laughing in my face. As soon, however, as my eyes recovered the dazzling effects

of looking at so bright an object, I again began to perceive the outline of the governor, and in a few seconds the form of a great six-foot hussar officer, in full uniform, developed itself with awful distinctness. A very good understanding seemed to subsist between the lady and him, and I felt at the moment that I had but one wish on earth ; and that was to be permitted to cut his throat. There were some more men and women, making up a party of about ten, and all staring at me as if I were a wild beast. For some time numerous passions strived to get the upper hand ; but at length love—(no sneers)—of *liberty* I mean, and anxiety to get off with as little imprisonment as possible, prevailed over all other feelings, and after a long, lingering look at the countess, and a scowl of defiance at my gallant and glittering rival, I commenced the subject nearest my heart, by directing the old gentleman's attention to the notice chalked up on the gate, and which said that the 15th of August was to be the day of our deliverance.

He looked at the writing and then at me, as much as to say, "Well, and what of it?" I told him I thought there must be some mistake. He smiled and hinted, that "perhaps the mistake was with Monsieur." I answered, with a truly French grimace and shrug of the shoulder, that "I trusted he would excuse the liberty I was about to take in reminding him of a circumstance, which (occupied as he must be in the multifarious and important duties of regulating so vast and splendid an establishment) might probably have escaped his recollection, viz. that there were thirty-one days in the month of July!"

Whether it was the news itself that amused them—or the delicate way in which it was delivered—or the general appearance of your humble servant, I cannot pretend to say; but no sooner were the words out of my mouth than the whole party burst into one simultaneous roar of laughter—wished me good morning, and walked off, leaving me to any meditations

in which I might think fit to indulge. I then narrated all that took place at this memorable interview to my companions, who abused me like a pickpocket, not so much on the score of my failure in endeavouring to convince the Commandant that there were thirty-one days in July, as because I had not given them an opportunity of showing off before our fair visiter, whose charms, I flatter myself, lost nothing by my description. I took the liberty of suppressing the hussar altogether, and converted the lady's boisterous merriment into soft smiles, and so forth; in short, *I* had the pleasure of making *them* miserable. With regard to the quarantine, we learnt afterwards that it was not the fashion here to allow the day of coming out to reckon as one, so that we did not make our escape till the 15th after all.

It was really wonderful with what quickness these monotonous days seemed to pass; and were it not for the undeniable fact that the sun had risen, had set, and risen again, it would

have been impossible to believe that four-and-twenty hours had glided by since poor Lazarus had last announced that breakfast was ready, with that good-humoured smile on his great fat face, which seemed to convey an assurance to us that he had at length triumphed over the difficulties of egg-boiling.

Thus passed half our time pleasantly enough; but, alas! there will always be black as well as white squares on the board of human life, and therefore it is but reasonable to expect an occasional move from one to the other, until at length checkmated by the conqueror of us all. Yes, I now come to a specimen of the lugubrious, which I insert here more for the sake of variety than from a wish to excite the commiseration of any kind soul who may be disposed to feel an interest in the general welfare of the author. Well, then, I must observe that for the last ten nights, on account of want of exercise or some other good reason, I never slept one wink;

and not only this, but I could not even lie down in consequence of the numbers of ants which persisted in disputing my right to my bed; and as we could not come to a satisfactory arrangement on this point, it ended in my being obliged to leave them in quiet possession of it. It was therefore my custom, when my companions retired for the night, to put on a cloak, and pace up and down the yard until day-break; a mode of “spending the evening” which I would strongly recommend everybody to take my word for it and believe is an extremely unpleasant one, rather than insist on coming to this conclusion from personal trial and observation. I saw enough of the moon to last me for the remainder of my life. These nocturnal rambles being repeated every night, I began to enjoy (as they say) rather a bad state of health; however, I did not mention a word of it to my friend the doctor, for fear he should shut me up by myself, imagining me to have the plague: so, whenever he

came to visit us, I always swore I never felt better in my life, and he never seemed to doubt the accuracy of my assertion.

But the day of our liberation at length arrived, and he who has known what it is to enjoy the first moments of ease after the extraction of an aching tooth,—he who has received a letter to say that a large fortune has been left him by a gentleman to whom he once handed the salt at a stage-coach dinner,—he who has buried a scolding wife—or married an ugly daughter—or procured a cadetship in India for an extravagant son—or has just finished writing a book—or has been abused in a radical newspaper,—any one of these may be supposed to have experienced the intoxicating transports of unmixed joy, and may consequently form some slight idea of what our feelings were on being restored to liberty and the society of our fellow-creatures. For my part, I committed all sorts of extravagances;—embraced the doctor—kissed the washerwoman—tipped Lazarus five florins, and

narrowly escaped tumbling down the well in cutting a caper, of which I regret I can give no idea now, as I find language totally inadequate to express my feelings on the occasion. We were, however, subjected to a great many delays, and searches, and examinations, and so forth, during which we occupied ourselves in praising the unprecedented good-humour and patience with which we had borne our confinement, declaring that we almost regretted our release, although nothing ever gave us so much pleasure in our lives—vowing we could not believe that the three weeks were really past, although it was impossible that they should not be,—and talking the usual nonsense and bragging with that reckless liberality, in which people are apt to indulge when they are out of harm's way. We, moreover, summed up the achievements of each during these twenty days, and it was then found that Berkeley had broken both my penknives, trod on my dressing-glass, made himself perfect master of Don Juan, and lost three hundred and

twenty-seven points at whist; that Mr. Steuart had gained greatly on our affections, and had scrubbed up very many ancient coins till they were *nearly as good as new*; that I had been very assiduous in the useful employment of wool-gathering; that I had written some few pages of this journal; that I had lost a stone and a half in weight, and had made vast strides in the science of astrology; that Black-eye had done nothing; and that Whist's time had been taken up in helping him.

It will now be proper to mention, that, since no steam-boat was to start up the Danube for eight days, we had all come to the determination of making our way by land to Pest; and even if there had been an immediate opportunity of proceeding by water, I think that Berkeley and I should still have preferred journeying across Hungary, being anxious to see something more of so interesting and beautiful a country than we could command from the deck of a steamer; and besides all this, our having understood that

we were to expect no better scenery higher up the Danube than we had already passed, held out little inducement for us to change our intentions. With this view, then, we all got our passports *visés* for Temesvar, a town distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Orsova.

We had not made all the arrangements necessary for our departure until three o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour we started for Mehadia, where we purposed sleeping. Now I cannot describe a place before I arrive at it, because that would look as if I did not write as I went along; nor can I arrive there but in a very strange conveyance, which I think deserves a word or two first. "The happy (*two*) pair (*and a half*) left," not "in an elegant chariot and four," but in two wagons and four; these wagons are exactly like our vehicles of the same denomination, excepting that they are very small, not being raised more than two feet and a half from the ground, and the other dimensions in proportion; they were of the rudest possible

construction, with not the least apology for springs, and were furnished with a pole instead of shafts. Four little raw-boned horses were attached to each, and another animal, (*genus*, human—*species*, Wallach-Hungarian)—was in attendance by way of coachman. A portmanteau made a very good coach-box, and the rest of the luggage being disposed so as to form something like seats, off we started, the British triumvirate leading the way, and raising a noble train of dust, which would have done honour to a much more aristocratic-looking equipage, and in the midst of which we ever and anon could trace the indistinct forms of our two other fellow-travellers.

Our rough, but good little team whirled us along right merrily, but the jolting was terrific; we literally danced up and down like hailstones upon pavement. If any body doubts the fact, let him try it himself, that's all: but, as in the case of walking about all night, I strongly recommend him to take my word for it instead.

I only wish some of those who complain so bitterly of the tremulous motion of a steam-boat, had taken a seat in our carriage, merely that they might form some idea of the effects of a real, right-down, superior, first-rate tremulous motion, and learn to be content with anything less than running the risk of having their hip-bones shaken out of joint, and the end of their tongues chopped off by their teeth in calling for assistance. I must confess I did not much relish the notion of rattling some four hundred miles after this fashion; and while I was turning over in my mind the practicability of carrying, like an Indiaman, "an experienced surgeon," we were pulled up short by the classical word of command, "*Sistite,*" given by the driver behind. After going through sundry pantomimic gestures and other antics, which were intended to do duty for the simple question, "What's the matter?" I learnt that they wished to rest the horses for a few minutes; besides which, *my* coachman pointed to the sun, then to the horses,

then grinned, then shook his head, and finally said, “*Umbra* ;” all which I interpreted to mean, “that it was devilish warm, and that although we might think it a very good joke, the animals did not ; and therefore that he should pull up in some shady place.” In short, we understood each other remarkably well, except that he was very much mistaken, if he fancied *I* saw any joke at all in the matter.

The language hereabouts has certainly a great resemblance to the Latin, but it has undergone so many modern *improvements*, and is so curiously pronounced withal, that we could only catch a word or two occasionally, and fill up the intervals as our ingenuity dictated.

Our journey to-day was a very easy one, the distance to Mehadia being only fifteen miles. The road was good, the day delicious, and the scenery most beautiful—such as fully compensated us for all the jolting we had undergone.

This Mehadia is famous for its mineral waters, which are, I conclude, like all other

mineral waters, extremely nasty, and are swallowed in great quantities by a great number of invalids, of whom a *small* number, by some good luck, happen to recover. It is most curiously situated in the jaws of a dark and deep ravine, the sides of which rise almost perpendicularly, and are thickly wooded with fine trees. It is altogether a romantic, though very confined, spot, and, as is usual with such places, is a favourite resort of all those who are either devoted to the ball-room or preparing for the grave. The whole of the buildings for the accommodation of visitors belong to the government, and the arrangements are somewhat uncommon. There are two principal hotels, if I can so call them ; one consisting entirely of bed-rooms, and the other, which is immediately opposite, containing a *salle à manger* and a handsome ball-room ; then there are the baths, and these, with a few shops, constitute the whole of the town.

We walked about in the evening, and saw numbers of very attractive and fascinating young

ladies, who, pinched up in one place and puffed out in another, seemed, even in this remote extremity of the civilised world, to have studied with the most intense application, and put in practice with the most scrupulous care, the newest fashions from the French capital. But I am sorry that I cannot speak in such high terms of them in *every* other respect; for while we were all at supper together, I certainly was witness to one or two breaches of what we call “good manners;” and although I beg it to be clearly understood that I am too polite to narrate what I saw, yet I will just mention that if the author of “Hints on Etiquette” will permit me to insert one paragraph, I shall certainly give the following advice under the head “Dinner.”

“ RULE 7.—Never on any account, especially if you are a lady, hold your knife and fork in your clenched hands, so that the points stick outwards, at the same time gnawing a drumstick which you hold in your fingers, and then picking your teeth with the *bone!*”

Really this *delightful* little book ought to be immediately translated into every European language,—at least it is much wanted: I was dreadfully nervous lest the gentleman next me might cut his throat, to say nothing of slightly grudging the loss of one of my own eyes, which I expected to see every moment impaled on his fork; however, fortune favoured me, and I finished my repast without loss of life or limb.

We had already hired a very good wagon on springs, and covered over, for the journey to Temesvar, and agreed with a man to take us thither *en vetturino* within two days; so that, this being settled, I felt very much inclined to go to bed, which those who have sat up for ten nights running, will acknowledge was no more than natural.

Aug. 16th. The first difficulty encountered this morning was, I am informed, that of awaking me; but this feat having at length been accomplished, we soon packed our new carriage, and bade adieu to Mehadia before six o'clock. The

inside was very crowded in consequence of our being rather overburdened with baggage, and I was not sorry to find that the rest seemed inclined to shirk the box-seat; so that I had an opportunity of making a great merit of sitting in the very place which I infinitely preferred to any other. It assuredly is very agreeable to be able to please yourself, and at the same time get the credit of sacrificing your own comfort to accommodate other people. But I'm touching on tender ground, and he must be a bold man in the present times who dares pull aside the smallest corner of that veil of dishonesty and humbug that shrouds so much of our natural deformity. Eh, what? digressing again? Why, I cannot keep to the road at all:—there now, I must be steady, or I shall never arrive at my journey's end.

We threaded our way for some miles through a hilly country, and then emerged at once into the magnificent plains of Hungary, spreading out their unbounded riches as far as the eye could reach. That was a glorious sight—none

of your niggardly enclosures of a few acres. What think you of a corn-field, ten miles long, and as many broad? There were also large tracts of land sown with tobacco, hemp, and Indian corn; which latter, Mr. Steuart, who had been many years in its native country, pronounced to be the finest he had ever seen. There were also vineyards in great abundance; in fact, there is scarcely any production of Mother Earth which was not here to be met with in the greatest perfection and profusion. I have been in Tuscany,—I have traversed the valley of the Arno from Pisa to Florence, and I have always quoted *that* as the richest country in the world; but this far surpassed it, inasmuch as, being quite as highly cultivated, it is on a very much more gigantic scale.

Our Jehu seemed vastly inclined to make himself agreeable, and we kept up a very animated conversation during the whole morning, thereby proving the confusion of tongues to be no more than an imaginary annoyance. I shall not,

however, transcribe it, because, as I should only be able to give that part which I myself bore in it, I fear it would be scarcely intelligible, and I should besides lay myself open to the charge of egotism: I have no doubt that between the two a great many interesting subjects were touched upon, although perhaps the remarks did not quite fit into and follow each other in such natural succession as is usual on such occasions; but as he seemed fully to comprehend every observation of mine, of course I was obliged to treat him with equal courtesy. Had it not been for his great politeness in this respect, I should certainly have objected to a trick he had of helping himself up into his seat by catching hold of my head; but I quietly submitted to the indignity, as well for the reason above mentioned, as out of gratitude for the advantages which I derived from his society.

Our horses were three in number; of a good size, well bred, and apparently well taken care of: the harness also was excellent. I

make this remark as an illustration of what I had already begun to observe, namely, that the good folks in this part of the world appeared, like ourselves, to pay more attention to that which was strictly useful and necessary than to the showy and ornamental, after the manner of the French and Italians. Thus the body of the carriage was made of coarse wicker-work, and was altogether of the rudest construction: but the wheels were strong and serviceable: the horses sleek and well harnessed, the driver rough and ragged. And why? Because the one came under the head "useful," while the other only belonged to the ornamental department.

At about mid-day we drove into the yard of a lone inn by the road-side, where both we and the horses were to bait. There was a very good dinner nearly ready, as is the case, we were told, everywhere, since this is the universal dinner-hour with all ranks and conditions of people: so that the fact is this—wherever you may be, and

at however small an inn you may stop, you are certain at this time to find something to eat; but if, on the contrary, you are determined to dine later, why, you must dine on your imagination, because you are equally certain to find *nothing* to eat. It saves a great deal of trouble to get at the truth at once.

Soon after we arrived, a carriage drove up, adorned with a coronet as large as life, and from it descended the noble owner, adorned with a pair of whiskers of a size suitable to his elevated rank. He was the only stranger who joined us at dinner, and we found him very agreeable and communicative. We told him how much we admired the rich and beautiful country we had passed through; upon which he informed us, that notwithstanding the high state of cultivation in which we found the land, in consequence of there being no market for the produce, money was extremely scarce; so much so, that a person might live as a gentleman for twenty-five pounds a year; "but," he added, "I do not mean to say he could keep his car-

riage on that income." Upon this he drew himself up with an air of importance, as much as to say, "*I am possessed of estates yielding double that amount!*"

The politician cannot but lament that so fertile a territory should add so little to the general wealth of the people and the revenues of the empire; yet as a man he must feel some consolation in the reflection, that on account of this very circumstance, the poorest peasant in the country is at least abundantly supplied with all the necessaries of life. The Hungarian nobleman looks upon his herds of cattle, his flocks of sheep, his vineyards, and his corn-fields, not as possessions which, by being transferred to another, will produce him so much money, but as so many good things to be consumed: they *are*, therefore, and can afford to be, the most hospitable people in the world; they cannot understand our mental exclamation to some voracious friend, "I would rather keep you for a week than a fortnight," because one single ox goes a long way with the largest eater, and a guest

may devour hot rolls for breakfast for some time before he makes any sensible impression on the produce of a corn-field some twenty or thirty miles in circumference.

We proceeded after dinner to take dessert in the garden, which was plentifully stocked with plums, apricots, &c., of which we ate considerable numbers, and pocketed besides. On returning to the inn-yard, we found the ostler in the act of explaining the way out to an ill-looking tramping vagabond who was lurking about the carriages, with the probable intention of borrowing any little article that might be useful to him: he was, however, deaf to all entreaties touching his exit, and replied moreover, unhappily for him, with some insolence; upon which the lord of the stables, without any further preface, quietly knocked him down. I had a great mind to make the fellow a handsome present: his mode of arguing put me so much in mind of old England: there was no convulsive gesticulation—no quivering passion—no volley of empty threats—no—no-

thing but a straightforward knock-down blow. There really is a great deal of *good* in these people.

Our carriage was now ready, and the coachman having mounted the box, with the assistance of my head as usual, we proceeded on our journey, and, after a drive of five or six hours, arrived at a small town, and were deposited at a good-looking hotel, which was to be our resting-place for the night. There certainly is one luxury which the traveller may always reckon upon finding on the Continent, viz. a good bed; and I never slept in a better than at this out-of-the-way spot. There is yet another and still greater luxury which he will always find abroad, and (what is more) will scarcely ever find in England, viz. a warm bath: or, if he should be so fortunate, I venture to predict that he will pay more than four-pence for it, which was the precise sum we disbursed for ours this evening.

Aug. 17th.—Got under weigh in good time, and, after half an hour's drive, stopped at a bar-

rier where it was necessary to produce our passports. To our great disgust it was discovered that they had not been signed by the proper authorities at the town where we passed the night, and a fat old fellow in uniform, with a pen stuck behind his ear, rushed out and ordered us back in a perfect fury, as if we had offered a personal insult to *him*: and if the prudent driver had not wisked round instantly and started off at full gallop, I do believe his High Mightiness would have ordered the sentry to shoot one of us dead upon the spot as an example to the rest. Upon my word, these gentry seem to imagine that the principal part of their duty consists in bullying travellers, instead of rendering them all the assistance which their defenceless situation requires. I really think if it is ever my fate to languish, like poor Silvio Pellico, in an Austrian dungeon, it certainly will be for the crime of pulling the nose of some one of these official grandees: their conduct is beyond endurance.

Back then we went, and of course our poor landlord did not get *praised* for his neglect in not having made every necessary arrangement for the continuance of our journey: but at length everything was signed and settled, and we again set out to encounter the awful guardian of the barrier-gate. But lo and behold! what a change! the old gentleman had discussed a good breakfast, and the day had become warmer since last we saw him, and probably some other agreeable circumstances had struck him with their magic wand, and “presto!” out he came, one of the most scrupulously polite and attentive men I ever met with. Such is the force of circumstances: thus despotically may we be ruled by a fine morning or a cup of coffee!

And now a word or two as to the Hungarian female fashions for August, from which, if the people concerned in the Ladies’ Magazine take any hints, I trust they will acknowledge the source whence they derived such valuable information. Here it seems that fashion rules with

such absolute dominion, that she permits no appeal whatever from her edicts, and leaves no exercise either for the taste or caprice of her subjects. In more homely language, they all dress exactly alike, and I might certainly have said this at first; but Fashion, Liberty, and all those great people, like to be personified, and besides which, I am rather fond of showing off a specimen of the allegorical occasionally. There—I've finished the preamble, and now I come to the point, viz. the description of this dress, which is very unlike anything I have seen before, and very pretty besides, which is more to the purpose, because when I come to think of it, if perchance *I* have kept my eyes shut all my life, that is no reason why others should have done likewise. This costume, then, consists simply of an ample white cotton garment reaching *nearly* to the ground, (as our ladies' dresses *used* to do,) drawn tight round the neck, and with large sleeves which are confined with ribbon about half way down to the elbow, while

the remainder hangs loosely to the wrist; these sleeves and the bosom are richly worked in blue and red worsted—the waist is tied round with a belt about six inches wide, and looking not unlike a strip of horse-cloth: from this belt there hangs quite down to the ground a thick fringe, always made of red and blue worsteds; this is not interwoven in any way, but each thread hangs separately. I cannot conceive that this curious article of dress can be of any use whatever, and yet, during our whole journey through this part of Hungary, we never once saw any woman, old or young, without it. They wore sandals on their feet, and their fine long hair was neatly platted and wound round their heads, to which a few gay flowers gave the finishing touch. They were altogether healthy, happy-looking creatures, and the men fine hardy fellows: indeed, if it were not for the fear of getting into an argument with O'Connell, I should have said they were the “finest pisantry in the universe.”

I do not know how other writers of journals

find it, but the art in which I should like to be a proficient is, that of being able to link together, in an easy and natural manner, two totally different subjects; or, at any rate, of giving some intimation of the intended change, so as not to inflict a kind of moral shower-bath upon the startled and unsuspecting reader. The knack is, I take it, most particularly necessary to us wanderers who are constantly meeting with fresh objects, and at which we have scarcely time to take a steady gaze before they vanish again, and others start up claiming their share of our notice. Encompassed, therefore, as we are by these difficulties, I crave permission to take an occasional *jump*, when I can perceive no regular path by which I can proceed from one paragraph to another. But now, I flatter myself, after this, no transition can be too sudden, and if I were to tumble out of a balloon into the crater of Vesuvius, I cannot see that any one has a right to complain.

We arrived at a good-sized town called

Lugos by dinner-time, and sat down in company with half-a-dozen Austrian officers, who were very civil fellows, but talked a great deal of *the shop*; and a great deal of nonsense too, for I found them sadly deficient in all knowledge appertaining to Leave: its origin—its use and abuse—the method of obtaining it—the art of prolonging it,—on all these subjects they betrayed the most lamentable ignorance. I however took pity on them, and delivered a lecture replete with excellent advice, which, if they follow, I strongly suspect there will shortly be very few ‘officers’ left to strut about the streets and gladden the eyes of the fair damsels of Lugos. So having fired their martial bosoms with a noble ambition of distinguishing themselves in this new field of glory,—having fully explained to them the moral beauties and advantages of that highly philanthropic principle of “every man for himself”—and having left them one and all determined never to do a day’s duty if they could help it, I took my departure

to order the carriage with those feelings of honest pride and self-respect which one always experiences after doing a good action.

The road by which we had travelled hitherto was most excellent, and our coachman now began to get tired of jogging along in this humdrum and uninteresting manner, upon such a provokingly level surface; so, by way of variety, he took advantage of a bank at the corner of one of the streets, and drove over it with great dexterity: the consequence was, that one of the hind wheels broke short off in such a manner that to repair it was impossible, at least within any moderate space of time. Since, therefore, some of the party objected to proceed without it, we took out our baggage, and having seated ourselves thereon, came to the magnanimous resolution of waiting patiently until Mr. Steuart could make arrangements about post-horses and wagons, whereby to accomplish the remainder of our journey to Temesvar. The necessary order for them was soon procured; but as both

horses and wagons were all employed in gathering in the harvest, there was much delay ere two carriages and four could be got ready, and we started off on the same scale of magnificence as had characterised our departure from Orsova. Our wagons had no springs, of course, and as we had had a taste of the afore-mentioned “tremulous motion,” of which such a defect is productive, we profited by our experience, and adopted a new plan, which was found to answer extremely well: the baggage was not heaped up, but strewed pretty equally about; the whole of the body was then filled up with hay, which, judging from the unsparing liberality with which it was supplied to us, must have been bought at rather a cheaper rate than six or seven pounds a ton. We then laid ourselves down at full length, or luxuriated in any posture that pleased us best; the arrangement, indeed, admitted of such facility for changing our position, that I believe we might have travelled after this fashion longer and with less fatigue,

than in the easiest and best-stuffed carriage in Europe. The great drawback was, that we were so much exposed that it would be next to impossible to continue our journey in rainy weather, since not only ourselves, but all our baggage must have been soaked through and through. Nothing, however, could be finer than the weather was at present, and there was every appearance of its continuance. We rattled along at full gallop nearly the whole way, which, in some degree, made amends for the delay at each stage; for not having a regular order for post-horses, we were obliged to explain our misfortunes to the post-masters; and as the conversation was carried on in Latin, this took a considerable time; then we had to catch horses and drivers, and to change our wagons. But notwithstanding these disadvantages, we arrived at Temesvar by twelve o'clock at night, and were put down at a large and comfortable hotel.

Aug. 18th. — We remained stationary the

whole of this day, occupied in making inquiries as to the best means of proceeding to Pest. We found the spirit of opposition at a very low ebb among the coach proprietors, seeing that there was an opportunity of travelling thither in a public conveyance only once every fourteen days: perhaps it is that the good people feel no desire to roam—at any rate, I should imagine that a railway would not pay at all well on this line, if it depended on the number of passengers. At length, however, we discovered that there existed an establishment, called "*the forshpan*," by which we might travel in the same little wagons across the country, if we obtained permission from the authorities to avail ourselves of it.

The forshpan is a sort of government tax upon the farmers and innkeepers all over the empire, and which obliges them to hold in readiness a certain number of horses at fixed stations for the transport of military baggage and stores: but they are allowed to furnish private individuals with these horses and wagons, on

being shown the order for them. It was, therefore, settled that we should proceed in this manner, and Mr. Whist, who had lately shown most unequivocal symptoms of wishing to “rule the roast,” as Milton says, undertook to manage the whole business.

In the mean time the rest of us walked all over the town, which was very clean and well-built, and might contain about fifteen thousand inhabitants. It is extremely well fortified, and is garrisoned by between two and three thousand troops: and such troops! of all the soldiers of every nation in Europe that I have ever seen, there are none, in my opinion, (as far as regards outward appearance,) to equal the Austrians—more particularly the Hungarian grenadiers, of which there are a great many regiments. Their tall athletic figures—their handsome features—the exquisite *fit* of their clothing—the splendid order in which they keep their arms and accoutrements—and their martial bearing,—form altogether as perfect a picture of a soldier as it is possible to conceive.

They only want English hearts to beat within their breasts, and *then*—it would really be a pity to see Mr. Perkins kill them off with his steam-gun at the rate of seventy-five a minute.

This was Temesvar market-day, so we took a stroll among the butter and egg-baskets, and were much admired by the proprietors (*-tresses*) thereof. We afterwards went to bathe in a large enclosed space in the river, which was a swimming-school, where there were erected high platforms to jump from, and every facility afforded for the display of all sorts of aquatic feats; so we joined the first class, and went through a series of manœuvres to the entire satisfaction of a numerous and highly respectable concourse of spectators.

I conclude there will be no necessity for me to enter into any minute description of the hotel, because all hotels in large towns are very much alike; and I can assure all who may *put up* at “The Bee-Hive,” in Temesvar, that they will eat the same sort of greasy dinner, brought up by the same species of greasy, smirking, silvery-

toned waiter, and that they will be attended and tormented by a valet-de-place possessed of the same communicative disposition, and distinguished by the same volubility of speech, that it must always have been their fate to endure elsewhere.

Early in the afternoon Whist returned, and communicated to us, with all the pomposity of success, that he had obtained the order, signed and sealed by the proper authorities, and that the *carriages* would be at the door by six o'clock in the morning.

' Aug. 19th.—So they were; but I am ashamed to confess that *we* were not at the door before eight, for which we all began abusing each other, and finished by declaring that such a piece of laziness must never occur again. A resolution was moreover proposed, and carried unanimously, to the effect that going to bed was a great bore, and that sleep was nothing better than a despicable luxury and an imaginary want, and, such being the case, that we should

travel day and night until we reached Pest, from which we were now distant about two hundred and twenty miles. It is surprising how little we value a good thing immediately after a surfeit of it: now had this question been put to the vote at eight o'clock in the *evening*, instead of the morning, the result would, probably, have been very different, or at all events, *I* can promise there should have been a warm debate. To be sure, the distance does not sound so very much to an Englishman, who, in his own country, has nothing to do but to take away the last figure from any given number of miles above a hundred, and there remain the exact number of hours in which he will accomplish the journey; but in these parts the calculation is not quite so easily made. We were, however, generally driven at a merry pace; but the operation of changing horses almost always took from an hour to an hour and a half, nor could any terms, in the English language, either of abuse or reproach, induce them to perform it quicker.

At about ten or fifteen miles from Temesvar, we turned out of the great road and struck across the country by the pathway that intersected the plain, and sometimes, when we came to any pasture lands, we made straight for the next station without reference to any track whatever. We now first saw a real Hungarian village: they are often of great extent, and the houses are always well-built, of a good size, beautifully thatched and white-washed, and with a court-yard or garden in front of each. The peculiarity in these villages is, that the gable ends of the houses all face the street, and the entrance is through a door in the high wall, which runs along the side of the garden, and connects one house with another. We occasionally arrived at an isolated German village, the inhabitants of which preserve their own language, and know nothing of that of their neighbours.

The *gentlemen's* fashions here deserve some notice, for their dress, as is the case with that

of almost every nation upon earth, afforded two or three instances of striking absurdity, for the origin of which it is impossible to account. In the first place, the legs of their trowsers were so enormously large, that Berkeley actually bet me five shillings that the man who was harnessing our horses at one of the stations wore a petticoat ; and it was only when he lifted up one leg to get into his seat in front of the wagon, that we perceived there was a division ; in short, that they were trowsers and not a petticoat : from this some idea may be formed of their preposterous size. They wore also hats with most immensely wide brims, which, instead of being left so as to protect the eyes from the sun, keep off the rain, or to serve any other sensible purpose, were turned up so that the edges reached as high as the top of the crown, and formed a deep trough all round, which I am quite positive would contain as much as a gallon of water.

It is most curious to observe, after the immense quantity of time which we expend in thinking

about dress—the money which we lavish on it—the serious discussions which take place concerning it—and the solemn attention which we bestow upon it, what ridiculous figures we turn out at last! I can remember nothing of a secondary nature in which mankind in general have so ludicrously failed; nothing in which they have more decidedly exposed their bad taste and unintelligible folly, than in their reiterated but abortive attempts to concoct something like a graceful, and at the same time an useful, costume. What now can be more ugly or more absurd than our own hats? did ever mortal conceive a more hideous head-dress? Well might a recent traveller, wearing one, have been hooted through the streets of Damascus, and called the “Father of a cooking-pot!” I have never seen anything else worn for the greater part of my life, and yet to this hour I can scarcely resist laughing when any circumstance happens to call my attention to one. There is yet another part of our dress which I would mention, namely,

the skirts of a coat, or indeed the coat itself; spread it out on the floor, and can there be a more mis-shapen, strange-looking garment? or put it on a living block, and can there be a more useless or an uglier one? But as for the skirts, they are too absurd; look at them steadily for one minute, and if you keep your countenance, not Liston himself could change a muscle of it. Why it seems as if it were the general opinion that as most other animals possess tails, *we* ought also to provide ourselves with a similar ornament; and as for pockets, there cannot be a worse place for *them*, because the very clumsiest thief can always extract their contents without the slightest risk of detection. I do not say it out of compliment, but I really think the ladies, although they certainly do not spend less either of time or money than we do in the adornment of their persons, have nevertheless made better use of the same; however, there are still points upon which I disagree with them; for instance, as regards the expediency of making

the upper part of their arms appear as thick as the hind leg of an elephant, a fashion which was very much in vogue some short time ago,—Oh, I forgot,—“Gentlemen know nothing about it.” Well, I beg pardon, and promise never to meddle with things that do not concern me again.

Our mode of travelling (this is one of the *jumps* I asked leave to take) was very delightful in one respect, and that was on account of its excessive cheapness. For each wagon with four horses, and for a distance of twelve miles, we paid two shillings, and about eightpence settled the driver in a handsome independence for life. We changed horses and wagons at distances of twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four miles. At about eight o'clock in the evening we reached a village called Miklosh, but I give fair warning that this is the last time I shall mention the names of the places we passed through, because I feel myself totally inadequate to the task of spelling them, and I am quite sure that every-

body else would be equally unable to pronounce them ; besides which, it can be a matter of no moment, since we cut straight across the country, and never once met with any place that could call itself a town. If, however, any one should be extremely anxious to know our precise route, let him spread before him the map of Hungary, and place one end of a piece of string at Temesvar, and the other at Pest; any names intersected by that string, and containing somewhat more than the usual proportion of *ks* and *ss*, those are the very places through which we passed.

But to return to Miklosh ; it is a name for which I shall always have the highest veneration, since it was here that our *diabolical* intentions of travelling all night were frustrated. There were no forshpan horses to be had, for we were now told for the first time that no one was obliged to provide them after sunset ; in short, to go on was impossible, so there ends the matter. Berkeley, Whist, and Blackeye slept in the police-office ; I do not mean to say that

they were taken up for any misdemeanour; but we had gone there as usual to show our order for horses, and as the officer was kind enough to offer them the use of the softest part of the floor they could find, they took him at his word, and wrapping themselves in their cloaks, were fast asleep in the short space of about three minutes. Mr. Steuart and I determined to see if we could not find a more comfortable place to pass the night, so we sallied forth and made our way to a sort of large *café*, which, however, we had been forewarned was completely filled with the officers of an hussar regiment, which had just marched into the place. On our arrival, we found our gallant friends reeling and clattering about, and their band assembled outside playing most delightfully. We ordered some supper, and were discussing our bottle of Tokay, when one of them came up and entered into conversation with us, bringing at the same time the gratifying intelligence that there was a room in the house with two beds in it, which they did not

mean to occupy, and advised us to secure it; I need hardly mention that we did so without delay. We found our new acquaintance a very pleasant fellow; he told us, among other things, that this very village of Miklosh was perhaps the largest in all Hungary, and that it did not contain less than twenty thousand inhabitants. There was not one house in the whole place, with the exception of this *café*, that gave it the least appearance of a town; it was nothing but an immense, overgrown village.

Having desired them to call us at the salubrious and cheerful hour of three A. M., we retired to bed, congratulating ourselves on our good sense in trusting to Fortune for some softer resting-place than the floor of the police office.

Aug. 20th.—Sallied forth to look for the rest of our party at about four o'clock, and much to our joy met them in the wagons coming to fetch us, so that this was a great improvement in the hour of starting compared with yesterday morning. The road, or rather the track, was very

bad and rugged during the first five or six hours, and then the delays at changing became perfectly excruciating. Is there any agony equal to being in an ungovernable rage, and not able to utter one syllable either of remonstrance or abuse? There was generally some one about who spoke German, so that Mr. Steuart and the two foreigners were not left in the same state of helpless torture with ourselves; but Mr. Steuart, besides being the most provokingly good-tempered man I have ever met with, had been too long a traveller not to be convinced that getting into a passion was of *no use*—that no practical advantage was ever derived from it; and I must confess, now I am cool, that I have seen many gentlemen give way to paroxysms of rage on many occasions similar to the present, but I never once observed that any waiter or post-boy moved one jot the quicker in consequence. Then, passion is so unbecoming—disarranges the neck-cloth—heats and reddens the face most horribly. An Englishman abroad is too apt to

imagine that *he* is the man destined by fate to reform everything in every foreign country that does not exactly meet with his approbation ; but then if he condescends to calculate the odds, he must surely admit that they are very great against any rhetoric which he may be pleased to thunder forth from the right hand corner of his britzská, being able to persuade the *garçon d'écu* into doing that in five minutes, which neither he nor his father before him ever accomplished in less than a quarter of an hour.

But yet, although perfectly aware of the truth of all this, such is the weakness of human nature, that I used very often to grumble out loud enough for poor Mr. Steuart to hear, “ Well, *I can't speak German !* ” “ What a luxury it must be to *speak German.* ” “ No man would stand this who could *speak German* ; ”—and such like hints ; but he very properly never took them, and persisted in preserving the most admirable good-humour upon all occasions. It happened once to-day that our new driver, after the horses

had been put to and we were all seated ready in the wagons, left us without saying a word, invited a friend into the adjoining beer-house, called for pipes and something to drink, and quietly commenced a regular jollification ! Even *this* failed in disturbing the serenity of our kind and excellent companion ; and for myself, I was more amused at the fellow's unparalleled impudence, than angry at the annoyance it caused us.

Whist was very tiresome, and at times, when some conversation was being carried on in German and we asked him what was said, he would fancy that we bothered him too much, and positively go so far as to take no notice of us. We, however, always brought him to his senses by tapping him gently on the shoulder, looking him full in the face, and saying, in that peculiarly impressive and mock-polite tone, which one is obliged to assume every now and then, "Pray, sir, did it escape your observation that I asked you a question ? or if not, perhaps you will be kind enough to favour me with an answer."

This never failed in producing the desired effect.

Throughout the whole of this day we passed over the same magnificent, rich, and highly-cultivated country which I have before described, and never once saw anything like a road. We had now become quite accustomed to that jarring which people at first *fancy* is so disagreeable in vehicles without springs; and were it not that we were so very much exposed to the burning sun, I should really have said that our mode of travelling was highly delightful, and the free and easy attitudes that we indulged in after the first hour or two, must have been extremely picturesque.

We met many tribes of gipseys, but princely fellows in comparison with those we see in England; for they usually possessed a very fair stud of horses, and if one might be permitted to judge from the quantity of pots, pans, grid-irons, and other culinary utensils, which hung conspicuously among the rest of their goods and

chattels, I should say that they understood what good living was as well as other people. They are, I believe, originally from Thibet, and still preserve many of their Eastern customs, among the rest that of prostrating themselves and kissing the ground over which you are about to pass, which really is such an insinuating attention—such a full and captivating acknowledgment of your dazzling grandeur, and their own superlative unworthiness, that I scarce think I could refuse them the very last farthing I possessed on earth. Now this is the whole art and mystery of begging; almost all of us are open to flattery, let it be ever so clumsily administered; whereas few are humane enough even to listen to a tale of woe, and of these very few choose to believe it when it *is* told, and of these last, (I am making grandmother of the listeners, having arrived at the third generation,) *very few indeed* assist the poor wretch to support his heavy burden. The fact is, our *solicitors*, as they style themselves, are too egotistical; they

whine out a long story, and then instead of addressing the old painted dowager lolling in her chariot as “the pretty lady inside,” top up, forsooth, with something pious, and are sanguine enough to hope Heaven will bless her! But a more efficacious plan still would be to confine their attentions to the maid-servant in the dickey behind, and beg “her *ladyship* would give them a penny.” She *could not* resist that, and would, in all probability, disburse sixpence, if it were only for the sake of keeping up the character while the carriage remained in sight. I feel convinced that if I am ever reduced to such an extremity, I shall make my fortune.

Our last stage was a very long one, and as we were lucky enough to get by far the best horses, we reached the end of it long before the others. Although it was now some time after sunset, they offered to take us on with fresh horses, but asked us to pay something more than the established price; upon this, Berkeley vowed he would not stir an inch—that it was a gross at-

tempt at imposition; and accordingly, at his suggestion, Mr. Steuart communicated to them the information that they were a set of cheating scoundrels. We had nothing particular to do, so I amused myself by taking the other side of the argument merely to pass away the time. I commenced with a truism which no one could deny, viz. that human nature was human nature: I then proceeded to state that no doubt the principal characteristics of it were to be found in Hungary as well as elsewhere, and contended that when there could be no compulsion, it was not at all wonderful that a man should endeavour to make the best bargain he could for himself; concluding with the personal assertion, that both he and I should have acted in precisely the same manner had we been placed in their situation. *He* also opened his speech with a truism equally undeniable, viz, that cheating was cheating, and finished, also like me, with a spice of personality, declaring that they who submitted to extortion

were as bad as those who practised it. These now, as Thucydides says, were the whole of the arguments brought forward on either side. In a short time, Berkeley got into a rage—so did I; *he* wouldn't speak to me, and *I* wouldn't speak to him: we then tossed ourselves each on a bed and remained for a full half hour in sulky silence. At length we came to the conclusion that we were two fools, and one grumbled out, “I'm very hungry,” to which the other, not being inclined to take the opposite side of the question this time, replied, “So am I.”

“What shall we have to eat?”

“Anything you like.”

And thus we proceeded from one civility to another, until we agreed that human nature was not worth quarrelling about, and that although cheating was very wrong, yet it had become so general that there was no use in objecting to it: this being settled, we marched arm-in-arm to the kitchen, better friends if possible than ever. At this critical moment the other wagon arrived,

and Whist and Black-eye voted by all means to pay whatever was demanded, and proceed. However, I was not at all sorry to understand that the owners of the horses had taken themselves off, declaring they would have nothing to do with us at *any price*. For my own part, I am no advocate for travelling all night, because it is, to say the least of it, extremely uncomfortable; as to that bravado of which we were so liberal on leaving Temesvar, I do not feel by any means bound to act up to *that*, since I confessed almost in the same breath that very little real valour was to be expected from it. People are seldom so hardly pressed for time as to render it necessary to speed thus hastily on their way, and as long as the human frame continues to require a certain number of hours' rest out of the twenty-four, it will not be cheated out of them with impunity either (as the immortal Serjeant Buzfuz said) by Stokes or Noakes, or Giles or Johnson or Thomson. Here then, we remained for the night, so—"Good night."

Aug. 21st.—The wagons arrived this morning punctually at three o'clock, as the people at the *forshpan** office had promised us, and what is more extraordinary still, we were ready to start in them. We had a drive by moonlight for an hour or two, and passed a great number of crucifixes, which I cannot bring myself to think are misplaced. We had met with them equally during our whole journey; they are not only more numerous, but of a much larger size than I have seen in any other country. I could well conceive that so solemn and impressive a memento might paralyse the uplifted hand and scare the man of blood from his meditated crime.

I was going to say that at length morning dawned, which is a piece of information frequently communicated with pompous and important gravity by writers who have been inconsiderate enough to keep their heroes and

* I have spelt this word as I heard it pronounced, not pretending to any knowledge of the Hungarian tongue.

heroines out all night; but I was afraid lest some wag might remark that *of course it did*; I therefore beg to anticipate his criticism, though it is very inconvenient, for I have a sunrise, made to order, in hand, which I must positively stick in some of these fine mornings.

Well, we stopped to dinner as usual at about one o'clock, but I had swallowed so much dust, that I scarce felt any appetite: we had travelled for the last twenty miles over a very sandy country, and I never in my life saw such figures as we were when we "pleased to alight." We, however, *got ourselves up* as well as we could for dinner, particularly since two or three Italian countesses had arrived shortly after us and favoured us with their company in the *salle à manger*. We were now within eighteen miles of Pest, and had only just rejoined the high road again after a cut across the fields of nearly two hundred miles.

After our repast was finished we were rather surprised (although tolerably well accustomed

by this time to the patient endurance of these delays) to find that no horses had been sent to take us on. After some remonstrance we were promised that if they did not arrive within a quarter of an hour, the man who drove the last stage should be permitted to proceed with us, which he was very willing to do. The time elapsed, but no horses came; so having got the others ready harnessed, we took our seats in our old wagons and desired the coachman to drive on. This he refused to do, saying that the people here had threatened to beat him if he did so; wishing, therefore, to take the onus off his shoulders, we borrowed his whip and flogged on the horses, so that he was obliged in self-defence to guide them through the gateway. This was quite sufficient to clear him, but the perverse little rascal tried to drive into the yard again by another gate, which he had very nearly done before we were aware of his intentions. Berkeley pulled him heels over head and held him down among the hay, while I jumped out

to remonstrate with two or three men who had seized the horses' heads. Whether it was my grizzly unshaven beard, added to that ghastly paleness which excess of passion gives to the countenance, together with my imposing Turkish dress,—or what it was that frightened them, I cannot tell, but I was not sorry to find that they fell back at once without giving me the trouble of knocking them down, an act which would in all probability have turned me into a Silvio Pellico *secundus* for some considerable time. I then backed the wagon into the road again, and Berkeley released the unfortunate driver, who seemed frightened out of his wits, and whose windpipe, judging from the colour of his face and a long fit of coughing, must have undergone rather a severe compression during the encounter. By this time a crowd had collected, the ladies had all fainted, a dragoon corporal had begun to look fierce, and matters altogether wore a serious aspect. However, no attempt was made on their part to enforce submission on

ours, so we again placed the driver by main force on his seat, put the reins and whip into his hands, and desired him to go on, which he still refused to do. I'll be bound the expression of *my* countenance was not particular for its sweetness; but as for Berkeley, he might have sat for his picture as the very devil himself. At this moment the fresh horses arrived, and we thought it would be a saving of both time and trouble to allow them to be put to at once; so we started off, vowed, and swearing, and fully intending to make an especial report of the whole proceedings to the authorities at Pest. But when, at four o'clock, we drove up to the Yagerhorn hotel, we all agreed that the village of —— should *not* be burnt down—that the inhabitants should *not* be decimated, nor their children sold for slaves; in short, that we would say nothing at all about the matter.

We engaged good rooms, a charming *valet de place*,—ordered an excellent dinner to be ready at seven o'clock, and then repaired in a fiacre

to the warm baths, having sent on "Philip" to prepare the same, and to take thither some clothes, by means of which we hoped to metamorphose ourselves into figures bearing some resemblance to human beings.

These were something like baths : here we did not creep shivering into a little miserable cell with nothing but a wooden chair in one corner and a tin trough in another ; no no,— we strutted into a lofty, spacious apartment, carpeted and furnished in the most luxurious manner. The building itself also is exceedingly handsome ; it is altogether by far the most splendid establishment of the sort I have ever seen. This was so obviously the first place that we must have visited, that I have mentioned it first : but I shall now proceed to say that we remained at Pest until the 20th, during which short time I became so fully convinced of its numerous delights and advantages, that I shall give a short description of them out of pure philanthropy, and lest any person with a few spare weeks at his command should from

ignorance spend them anywhere else. Concerning all curiosities, antiquities, &c., I must, however, be silent or draw largely on my invention, to which I am always averse; for we had been roughing it so long that we had come to the praiseworthy determination of entirely devoting the first few days of our re-entrance into the civilised world to a life of ease, comfort, luxury and pleasure; and I believe I have before stated, that I do not consider that sightseeing can properly be classed under any of these heads.

Pest is the modern capital of Hungary, and Buda, which is situated immediately opposite, on the right bank of the Danube, was the ancient one. The famous bridge of boats connects the two cities. All the finest streets in Pest have been built within the last fifteen years, and many of them still more recently: it is, moreover, daily extending itself, and everything that has been done bears the stamp of great liberality and the closest attention to all modern

improvements. The streets are wide and clean, the houses solid and handsome. The Diet hold their sittings here, and many of the Hungarian nobility pass their gay season at Pest rather than at Vienna. It is evidently the wish of the nation to make a *bond fide* capital city of it, and to support it as such. It holds out allurements to the traveller, more especially to an Englishman, such as, I believe, are to be found in no other city of the same class; and I shall mention what appear to me to be the two principal ones.

In the first place, an Englishman living for a short time in Pest can at once command, and will even find himself courted by, the very first society, comprising the ancient noblesse of Hungary: this is a desideratum which no foreigner will find so easily attained in any other metropolis, unless he be of very high rank—of course I do not mean to deny that good letters of introduction will be of great service anywhere, or that many persons, by their irresistible fascinations, will at length overcome the freezing

reserve of the most haughty aristocrat in Europe; but still this is a great deal of trouble. It is, as I said before, to the English that this favour and cordiality are particularly shown, as belonging to a nation which they love, esteem, and respect above all others. There is a club-house newly built, which for perfect arrangements in all departments, for comfort, and for magnificence, can scarcely be surpassed. There are ball-rooms, billiard-rooms, libraries, and reading-rooms, where may be found newspapers of all countries, and the best periodical publications in every European language. To this club-house, our *valet de place* told us, they had orders from the committee to bring every English traveller without any introduction whatever, but that all other foreigners were obliged to be regularly introduced by one of the members. I really think this is the most flattering compliment I have ever known paid to our countrymen. Another consideration is, that they are not only inclined to show us all this kindness,

but they are enabled to put their wishes in practice, on account of the comparatively small number of English who have hitherto thought it worth their while to pay them a visit. Now nearer home, even supposing the people to be equally well-disposed towards us, the vast numbers of travellers would render it impossible for them to receive us thus with open arms—unless indeed they built *barracks* for our accommodation.

The other circumstance that I would mention for the benefit of those low and despicable persons who are iniquitous enough not to be overburdened with money, is, that at Pest, although it is the metropolis, they give themselves no fine metropolitan airs, nor charge for everything in a ratio which bears no proportion to the market price, or the price of labour, or anything else that exercises an influence in these matters : on the contrary, Pest, being situated in a country where produce is extremely plentiful and money extremely scarce, is, as it ought to be,

one of the cheapest places in the world. Thus we used to pay three francs for a dinner which in a Parisian café would have cost us twenty: we drank Hungarian champagne, which to my taste is quite equal to the French, at about half-a-crown a bottle, and an excellent wine of a Burgundy flavour at a shilling. The Yagerhorn is one of the best hotels I have seen anywhere, yet you may have a sitting-room, a bedroom, and a servant's-room, for three pounds a month. A box at the Opera, holding five, costs ten shillings, and everything else in proportion.

It was the fashion to dine here at two o'clock, and as it is always best to do at Rome as Rome does, we also conformed to the general hour. Each party, however, sat down at a separate table, and as it still continued the most delicious weather, we usually dined in the open air on a spacious leaden roof which projected by the side of the *salle à manger*, and about which were scattered plenty of orange trees and shrubs of various sorts—“perfumed

gale"—“grateful fragrance,”—“shady bower,” and all that sort of thing.

The shops here are very handsome, and the custom of each shopkeeper sticking up a large picture indicative of his trade outside his door, gives the street a very gay appearance. These pictures are not by any means the daubs that we are accustomed to see, professing to be likenesses of a Saracen’s Head, a Blue Boar, a White Lion, or an Angel; but excessively well executed paintings, and upon which, I have no doubt, they spend as much money as the Regent-street folks do upon plate-glass: thus a tailor will put the peace of mind of the fair sex in jeopardy by displaying a handsome young Hungarian nobleman in his national costume, prancing about on his war-horse; a milliner will be equally careless as to how much misery she inflicts upon the gentlemen by exhibiting a lady as large as life and as beautiful as three peacocks, ready dressed for a ball. Then a furrier will expand before the wondering eyes of the

little boys and girls, a picture representing a royal Bengal tiger running off with an elephant in his mouth and two or three dozen spears stuck in his hinder parts, together with a parcel of Indians in pursuit ; and so on throughout the whole town.

We went, I think, twice to the opera-house, which is a large and handsome building, and although the singers were not first-rate, yet the performance on the whole was very good, and the stage arrangements, scenery, and dresses, extremely well done. That eternal “ Robert le Diable,” which I must have seen in ten different theatres since leaving England, was the evening’s entertainment. There was a most meritorious devil : envy, hatred, malice—in short, the very spirit of every dark and evil passion flashed in the scowl of that diabolical visage. O. Smith’s face in his most villainous characters portrays the innocence of a sleeping infant in comparison—and that’s saying a good deal.

We went over one evening to Buda, and

looked in at a theatre in the open air, where they were performing a deep tragedy. I never laughed more heartily in my life. The second act began with fighting, in which amusement the combatants seemed to grow so much interested that I thought they never would cease. At last there came some great hero, who fought with four others: this quintette, I should imagine, must have lasted a full quarter of an hour, and ended at length by two of them being killed and left dead upon the spot. Then appeared the principal characters; and while one was making a very touching speech about his mother, the dead men, getting rather tired of lying on the hard boards, got up, and with great composure walked off, to the infinite amusement of the spectators.

Thus advantageously did we spend our days, adhering most religiously to our vow of celebrating our return to the civilised world in a manner suitable to the occasion. But it now became necessary to move onwards, and we made arrangements to proceed to Vienna by a sort of

private post which has been established between the two cities. The distance is a hundred and seventy miles, but we were assured that the horses were excellent, and that we might reach Vienna within twenty-four hours. Carriages with springs were also held out to us as a further inducement to travel by land rather than go by the steam-vessel, which, in consequence of not being able to proceed by night, was two days and a half on her voyage. Messrs. Whist and Black-eye, whom I now take leave of, intended remaining some time longer, but an English gentleman offered to join our party, which was a convenience to us, as three were too many for one carriage and not enough to fill two.

Aug. 27th.—We started betimes this morning in two wagons and four, as usual, for the carriages with springs were not forthcoming. We crossed over the bridge of boats, and, dashing through Buda at full gallop, pursued our journey at the enlivening pace of about fourteen miles an hour. The roads were very rough, and

were scattered with large stones, among and over which we were driven at the same reckless speed, without the slightest regard being paid to these little inequalities. I certainly never left a place with such a full determination to return to it the very first opportunity. I have been in Naples, Paris, Cadiz, and many other delightful cities, but it has never been my good fortune to visit one which, taking everything into consideration, is to be compared with Pest: so that I have perfectly made up my mind that the next time I leave the shores of merry England for my own pleasure, I will never stop or turn to the right or left, but will come hither as *quick* as I possibly can, and remain as *long* as I possibly can.

We had not proceeded very far, before, happening to look over the side of the wagon, I observed one of the front wheels at the very end of the axle, and just on the point of coming off. There was no time for speaking, making signs, or anything of that sort, so I planted a tremen-

dous kick in the short ribs of the coachman as the most likely thing I could think of to be productive of a ‘pull up’ in the shortest possible space of time. I was right: he gave a sudden jerk back with his arms, and we came to a dead stop in a moment. He seemed rather astonished at first, not to say out of temper; but on our pointing out the urgent necessity of the application, he seemed very grateful, and jumping off, picked up a piece of stick, which he hammered in by way of a lynch-pin, and started off again at full gallop as before. Berkeley and I immediately entered into a dispute as to whether the wagon would have upset or not had the wheel actually come off. I contended that it would not, while he brought forward many learned arguments to prove that it would. We were just arriving at the favourite finale of every discussion among soldiers, namely a *bet*, when unfortunately away rolled the wheel just too soon, for the wagon did *not* upset, and I should consequently have been the winner. After

ploughing up the road for about fifty yards we came to a stand still, and the driver having found another piece of stick, hammered it in with a big stone, as at first, and then beckoned to us in a great hurry to jump in, pointing to the others, who were by this time considerably in advance. But as the question concerning the upsetting was decided, and we now felt no curiosity on the subject, we rather hesitated, and made signs that we should not object to an improvement upon the wooden lynch-pin; but he only grew more impatient, so we were obliged to obey, and off we started again, and arrived at the next station without further hindrance. We were never delayed long in changing horses, and we got on altogether so swimmingly, that we came to the resolution of travelling all night, and finishing the journey at one sitting. Our horses were fine animals, and in appearance would not have disgraced a gentleman's carriage. Indeed, I remarked throughout the whole of Hungary, that the breed of horses is excel-

lent, and I understand that great attention is paid to it. They seem, however, to be all of nearly the same breed, so that although there are none equal to those which are usually in the possession of an English gentleman, yet you will never see the clumsy mis-shapen brutes that are so common in our country.

At ten o'clock at night we stopped at a small farmhouse, which they told us would be the last place where we could fortify ourselves for the night's journey,—which fortification consisted in eating and drinking of course, as offering the most efficacious barrier against the hostile attacks of cold air, low spirits, and most other enemies. But this not being the dinner-hour, there was nothing in the house, which is invariably the case when you drop in at any other time. We were, therefore, under the necessity of catching two or three chickens, which were dragged from their beds, barbarously murdered, picked, dismembered, and served up in the shape of soup in an incredibly short space of time.

This really was a deed worthy of so many cannibals, and I almost expected some leg would give a kick while I was eating it: but people cannot always give way to their fancies—I say *fancies*, because nothing in reality is more delicious than a chicken which is boiled the instant after it is killed, whereas keep it an hour, and you might as well attempt to eat a hearthrug. They made us also some hot beer with eggs beat up in it, which was a decided *hit* on their part, since it was praised excessively and drank in a similar proportion. After this we again got into our wagons, and with that reckless bravery which is ever attendant on a full stomach, swore we didn't care a farthing if we never got out again for the next six weeks. We had plenty of hay, covered ourselves with quantities of cloaks and capotes, and slept very well all night.

Aug. 28th.—Awoke in the broad daylight this morning, having some faint recollection of changing horses and wagons several times during the night. We were lucky enough to get a cup

of *café au lait* at an early hour, and then attacked a long stage of five and twenty miles, at the end of which we arrived at about ten o'clock. Here we breakfasted, being now within twenty miles of Vienna.

We were in high glee, and were congratulating ourselves on our near approach to the Austrian capital, (little suspecting the knock-me-down blow that was in store for us,) when it was discovered that no less than two portmanteaus were missing: one belonging to Berkeley, and the other, containing coins to the value of six hundred pounds, and many papers of consequence, to poor Mr. Steuart. I shall never forget, and can never sufficiently admire, the unruffled temper and gallant bearing with which he resigned himself to this severe loss; for I think that when a man, having travelled at the age of sixty for a whole year by himself, in the wilds of Asia Minor, can bear to lose the entire fruits of so much labour at one fell swoop, and when he had almost brought them home, with-

out uttering a single complaint, he deserves to be considered one of the finest-tempered men in existence. The contents of Berkeley's portmanteau were comparatively of little consequence, although it is anything but pleasant to be set down, in a gay metropolis, dressed in a sailor's jacket, a dirty pair of white trousers, a Turkish cap, and a checked shirt, and having nothing to put on in their place. We instantly went to the police and commenced proceedings by lodging both our drivers in prison, although there was not the least shadow of evidence against them. Having performed this good-natured action we ordered horses, not to take us to Vienna as we had anticipated, but to return with us to the station we had last left, that we might make inquiries there at once. I believe I shall incur no risk of contradiction when I assert, that it is a very unpleasant thing to be obliged to go one way when we particularly wish to go another; and the broiling sun, the choking dust, the flatness of the country, and above all, the

cause of our return, did not render it in this instance a whit more agreeable than usual. We talked the matter over and over again—we wondered—we thought—we surmised—and then we *couldn't* think: all that could be ascertained for a certainty was, that the two portmanteaus were gone; but how we came to be such extraordinary idiots as not to look after them, was a problem which none of us could solve.

On our arrival at the end of the stage we could hear nothing of them whatever, and it was therefore agreed that we should return to the place where we had discovered the loss, and where we had left the remainder of the baggage—sleep there—and the next morning that Mr. Steuart should start back again, while we three proceeded to Vienna; as there was no use in four people being at the expense of travelling all the distance over again, when one was quite sufficient, especially as the rest could not speak a word of the language. Accordingly, we once more traversed these five-and-twenty miles,

which we accomplished by seven o'clock in the evening. We now begged that the two drivers might be discharged, having discovered that it was next to impossible that they could, in the most remote degree, be concerned in the business.

Aug. 29th.—Started at the gentlemanly hour of ten A.M., and, after undergoing a strict search at the frontier of Austria Proper, arrived at Vienna at a little past mid-day, and drove to the Golden Lamb in Leopoldstadt. Poor Berkeley could not possibly move out by day; but, after three hours' hard labour, I succeeded in humanising sufficiently to extract a low bow from the head waiter, at which I was highly gratified, as that important personage had vouchsafed to honour us with nothing of the sort on our arrival in our travelling costume. I then bent my steps towards the Post-office, and *therefrom* extracted two letters, one for myself and the other for my bereft companion.

Now lest you—(when I say “*you*,” I always mean you whose eyes are at the moment glanc-

ing over that particular page—because I flatter myself 'tis so taking—so confidential—so friendly)—lest you, therefore, might, peradventure, complain that I treat you with reserve, you shall e'en read them, or at least know the contents, because fac-similes would be expensive. Mine, then, was a family letter—now you feel no interest in it—well, I cannot help it; a family letter it *was*, at all events, telling me that arrangements had been made which would render it unnecessary for me to return to Corfu. I was informed also that they were awaiting my arrival at Brussels, where they expected me to make my appearance very shortly, since some considerate friend had assured them that the journey thither from Vienna would only occupy eight days! Pr'ythee look at the map. Eight days! I believe a government courier has been known to accomplish it within that time—*ergo* I must do the same. Pity there should be so wide a difference betwixt saying a thing and doing it. How very easy it is for a man at Brussels, who has no intention of travel-

ling farther than the field of Waterloo, to fix the precise time that a poor devil is to take in traversing somewhat more than half the breadth of Europe! I wonder whether he allowed me anything to eat on the road? or, since he was so fond of driving my performances to the extreme boundary of possibility, whether he did not omit calculating for such a superfluous luxury, and quote the case of a certain Elizabeth Woodcock, (who was snowed up some years ago, and lived for this very term of eight days without food,) as a proof that there was nothing unreasonable in expecting me to *chameleonise* in the same manner.

Berkeley's letter informed him that he had been promoted into the household troops, so that his return to Corfu would also be unnecessary. Thus by this fortunate coincidence we were both enabled to turn our steps towards Old England. This was a splendid opportunity for the attainment on his part of more Leave; and as I rather pride myself in my knowledge and discernment pertaining thereto, as well as being filled with a

desire to advance his interests, I took occasion, while I thought of it, to offer some advice concerning his deportment on presenting himself at the Horse Guards, and his speech to be then and there delivered ; being convinced that there were materials in hand, which, being carefully worked up, would in all probability produce Leave. I therefore counselled him that he should lose not a moment, after reaching London, in repairing, under cover of a hackney-coach—(lest any one belonging to his regiment should perchance recognise him)—to the above-mentioned Horse Guards, and turning up a small and well-known staircase on the left hand, should, having duly announced himself, straightway enter an equally well-known green-baize door. I also laid particular stress on the advantages of appearing with a well and completely shaved face, since it is no longer a matter of dispute that he who weareth whiskers gaineth not Leave equal to him who hath none. But in this case I was the more careful in recommending a shaved face, to the

end that it might give effect to the commencement of the oration, which I proposed should consist of a frank confession of extreme youth and inexperience. This done, I suggested the propriety of modestly alluding to the zeal with which he had already served his country in the deadly climate of the Mediterranean, and then proceed, without delay, to discuss the manifold advantages of acquiring a competent knowledge of modern languages; and finish by boldly asking for eighteen months' leave of absence to reside in Germany, on the plea of the probability of that country becoming the seat of a future war.

Such was my advice, and having given it, I felt that I had done *my* duty; whether he will do *his* by taking it, I cannot presume to say.

To England then we are going, and accordingly testified our joy, after the approved and truly English fashion, by drinking about three times as much wine as on ordinary occasions.

Aug. 30th.—While we were yet in bed, and suffering severely from a headache, by way of a reward for our attachment to our native land, Mr. Steuart arrived, bringing with him both portmanteaus, which he had found two stations farther back than we had gone the day before. They were delivered up immediately, and the people explained that they were hidden under the quantities of hay which we always heaped upon our baggage, and were not observed until the wagons returned.

We remained at Vienna until the 4th of September; but it is not my intention to inflict upon the patient reader any description of a city which he has probably visited himself; or if not, I trust he cannot feel disappointed at the omission, as he must already have observed that my vanity never led me to aspire so high as to be the author of “The Traveller’s Guide,” wherein should be found the alphabetical list of hotels—the price of posting—the charge for greasing the wheels—the length and breadth of cathedrals—

an accurate account of all libraries, museums, palaces, and picture-galleries—together with a history of the country, and some remarks on the ancient customs, present condition, and future prospects of the inhabitants; on the contrary, I believe I intimated, almost at the very outset, that I should reserve to myself the right of cutting such matters as short as I chose, and devoting these few pages chiefly to the recording of those trifling accidents, merry miseries, and gay conceits, which in my idea form the principal enjoyment of every tour. In my decision to adopt this course, other reasons also acted as auxiliaries. In the first place, I was well aware that my journey must be of too hurried a nature to enable me to give an opinion on subjects which demanded long attention and close examination; or even if I had, like many others, fallen into the error of fancying myself quicker of apprehension than my neighbours, still, as my route did not stretch either through the territories around Timbuctoo, or across the northern re-

gions of Chinese Tartary, I must have felt that it would be next to impossible for me to touch on any new subject, and highly improbable that I should handle any old one, with the ability of many writers who have preceded me. Lastly, my inclination is always averse to dwelling on serious and important topics, and leads me, without power of resistance, into the opposite extreme. This is perhaps the strongest reason after all:—I love to see the world through a microscope, and those who would peep with me must be content with a very confined view.

Vienna did not please me nearly so much as Pest, for we here dashed at once into the very worst of metropolitan cheating and affectation. Only conceive such an absurdity as there being no Hungarian wine whatever to be procured at the hotel! They are not more than fifteen miles from the frontier of a country which produces as fine wine as any in Europe, and yet, forsooth, they “never keep any!” *Monsieur* can have Bordeaux or Champagne at five florins a bottle,

or port or sherry at about double that price, but there ends the catalogue. These are the "*airs*" I complain of.

The most delightful thing to be done in Vienna is to go and dine in one of the public gardens in the suburbs, where the agreeable occupation of eating and drinking is rendered still more so by the accompaniment of Mr. Strauss' band.—Heaven defend us ! what contortions ! what grimaces ! what bouncing, flouncing, flourishing, dashing, crashing, and stamping ! Why, that man's very heart must beat time, and will, I verily believe, after his death be found in the shape of a violin. It is quite refreshing to see the *hoc age* principle so fully exemplified. Start him fairly off in one of his own waltzes, and if the gardens and all the company were swallowed up by an earthquake before his face, he would never stop till he had finished it : at all events, I fancy that his band, in that particular style of playing, is the best in Europe ; and what with a good dinner, a bottle

of champagne *bien frappée*, and Mr. Strauss' music, one passes the afternoon, as I said before, by no means unpleasantly.

We of course visited the opera, and *of course* again met our friend “Robert le Diable;”—the ubiquity of Monsieur Tonson was nothing in comparison with this gentleman's.

Thus flew our precious time—thus prodigal were we of the most valuable and the most uncertain of our possessions. And now we must again be on the move, and move quickly too, if we are to arrive in Brussels within eight days. Mr. Steuart was not going to England, so that we were obliged to bid “adieu” to one of the most agreeable, well-informed, and good-humoured companions, as well as to one of the most kind-hearted and excellent men, I have ever had the happiness to be acquainted with: it is very unlikely that this should ever meet *his* eye—at all events my poor praise can be but of little value to him. Be this as it may, I feel it would be ingratitude on my part to neglect in his

absence the expression of that sincere regard and admiration, which my heart could not deny him while I had the pleasure of living in his society.

We had therefore again to commence travelling alone ; and as a general rule, I am quite certain that two is by far the best number to form a party for this purpose. There are two corners in the *coupé*, two front seats in a carriage, two berths in a cabin, two pints in a bottle, two wings to a chicken—everything seems to have been calculated for the accommodation of two. Many people—inexperienced people—fancy that three is a better number, because there will always on any disputed point be a majority of two to one; but this is the very reason of all others which makes me object to three as a convenient number, because the minority of one will nine times out of ten feel rather sore, and give way with a bad grace, being out-voted by two; whereas that same man would not improbably have cheerfully agreed to sacrifice his own wishes and humour almost to any caprice of

one. Whenever there are three together, the chances are that two out of that number will agree better with each other than the whole three: by the simplest logic in the world—in the same way as when you toss up a shilling, there is a greater probability of its turning up heads twice consecutively than three times, and so on. Such then being the case, it is no more than natural that the two who discover that they are thus well suited to each other, should unite themselves in a closer bond of friendship, and form their plans together somewhat to the exclusion of the third: they may not *intend* to do so, but they cannot help it: this begets jealousy—the feeling above all others most destructive of peace and harmony.

There is also another reason why I prefer the smaller number: in a party of three each one is indifferent and careless about provoking or irritating another, because there is a mediator at hand; now when there are only two, they are ever on the watch, and studiously avoid even the

most trivial difference of opinion, because they know they have only to depend upon themselves. To hold up ourselves as an example, I well remember that as long as we were alone we never—no, *never*, either thought, or did, or spoke anything contrary to the thoughts, or wishes, or opinions of the other; but immediately that two or three more joined the party, we began arguing, and blustering, and contradicting each other to the top of our bent, *because*, as I believe, we knew there was somebody to separate us when the fire grew too hot. Any person who is addicted to travelling must be aware, under circumstances of annoyance—when, for instance, you can get no bed—nothing to eat—have lost your passport and all your money,—how easy it is to lose also your temper, and how quickly the least discussion ripens into a serious quarrel: however, I trust *we* understood each other too well to proceed to any extremities which would render necessary the good offices of a pacificator.

Sept. 5th.—We took our departure this morning at six o'clock in the *eilwagon* for Lintz, and as we were told that this paternal government insists upon the passengers changing places at every stage to prevent any one person from monopolising the best seat during the whole journey, took the worst places at first, that we might gradually better ourselves as we went along. The most horrible nuisance attendant upon travelling by public conveyances in Germany, is the custom of smoking *inside*. Now I do not wish to appear affected or too delicately nice upon the subject, but I do positively declare that the fumes of tobacco in such a confined space, and added to the close and stifling smell of a carriage, do really make me extremely sick; and therefore it is not simply because I consider smoking a silly, dirty habit, but for good, selfish, substantial reasons, that I cry out against this barbarous atrocity. Three of our fellow-travellers lit their pipes immediately, but there was one, a thin, sallow-faced young man, of

whom I had some hopes, seeing that he was deeply engaged in reading a book ; and I inferred from his being so sensibly employed in this instance, that he was probably a sensible man in other respects. But how we can be deceived by appearances ! Judge of my astonishment on beholding him deliberately draw forth from under the seat a leather sack of enormous dimensions, and containing no less than six large meerschaum pipes, which he took out one after another, ogled and caressed with the same tenderness and affection as a mother evinces towards her children. Of all the smoking establishments I ever saw, this was the most complete : there were mouth-pieces of ivory, amber, horn, whalebone, and silver ; tobacco bags of all sorts and sizes—some plain, some embroidered ; tassels of all shapes and colours ; flints and tinder-boxes innumerable, together with knives, scissars, pickers, stoppers, and implements to answer every possible exigency. In short, I should think that there was not to be found in

all Germany a more determined and abandoned smoker than this very youth whom I had looked upon as no smoker at all.

Thus faded my last ray of hope, and, to add to my comfort, I discovered that the custom of changing places existed only in the fertile imagination of the book-keeper, or at any rate was not acknowledged by our more comfortably seated neighbours. Thus was I compelled to submit to be converted into a living *ham*, and remain for twenty-four hours in a seat which was too short for my knees, where the roof was too low for me to sit upright, and the back inclined rather forwards than otherwise. However, it is extraordinary what nature will endure, and I positively lived through the day and the following night.

Sept. 6th.—At six A. M. we arrived at Lintz, and found that the post did not proceed till the same hour P. M. This was rather a nuisance—to come in for all the night-travelling, and remain stationary all the day; but there was no

help for it; so we went to bed for an hour or two, and then breakfasted, and then lounged about, and then, having eaten an exceedingly bad dinner, and paid a proportionably exorbitant price for it, we sallied forth to the office, where we had already booked ourselves for Munich. On our arrival there, we were delighted to find that the monstrous and unwieldy conveyance in which we had so obligingly occupied the worst seats during our journey from Vienna to this place, had been exchanged for a very respectable looking *malle-poste*, carrying only four inside and two in the cabriolet.

In due time *Monsieur le Conducteur* began placing his passengers, as is the custom in these savage countries, and politely informed us that the interest which he felt in us at first sight had induced him to make arrangements that we might travel with our backs to the horses. But fortunately it does so happen that I greatly prefer this situation, inasmuch as I am enabled to enjoy the full benefit of the fresh air without

being cut in two by it, which must well nigh be the fate of the delicate lady or elderly gentleman to whom I make a point of courteously resigning the front seat. I sincerely congratulate myself and those who are *sensible* enough to entertain the same opinion as I do on this important subject, that there still exist so many who disagree with us, and even fancy they are under an obligation—however keen the wind—however frequently small insects and pieces of flint dart through the window with vengeful speed into their eyes—and however obstinate and prolonged the chill, drizzling rain. But windows draw up *sometimes* :—yes, yes, I know that; but then each individual of the *partie carrée* will be on an equality, for I am quite sure you cannot tell whether you are going backwards or forwards, unless, peradventure, you look out of the window to see “which way the trees are running,” as our friend Prince Lee Boo said. I have often laughed to see a cunning rogue, whose deep-seamed weather-beaten

features bespoke a man of much journeying, make a merit of taking what he well knew to be the most comfortable place. But, after all, 'tis only one item in the vast catalogue of popular errors; though, certes, if any error deserves to be called *popular*, this does—for it pleases everybody.

One of the victims in the present instance was a Parisian *modeuse*, enthusiastically devoted to her profession, and who had settled at Lintz in the fervent hope of making the young ladies thereof somewhat more produceable than heretofore: the other a French youth, as merry and as noisy as the lightest heart or the longest tongue could make him. What delightful companions these French folks are!—with what easy impudence they force themselves into your good graces—with what inoffensive and even flattering curiosity they pry into your affairs—how gaily they break down the icy barrier of your reserve—how dexterously do they provoke and keep alive the conversation! Yes, in this respect,

their superiority to our more matter-of-fact, yes-and-no, calculating countrymen, must be confessed to be infinite. And let not this faculty of theirs be thought too lightly of: how much of life can be rendered agreeable by the exercise of it! It must happen to all men occasionally to be thrown into the society of strangers; even to the

. “ Gentlemen of England
Who live at home at ease.”

But as to us, whose tastes, or dispositions, or profession, render it expedient or even necessary that we should be wanderers on the face of the wide world, why half our days are spent among those we never saw before, and whom it is very improbable that we shall ever meet again. Unenviable indeed would be our lot did we fall in with no more lively companions than a Lincolnshire grazier, nor cross the path of less punctilious gentry than the two Oxford youths, who passed by another of the same college who had

been ejected from a tandem and nearly killed, regretting that it was not in their power to render any assistance, as they had *not been introduced.*

I should suppose that not even the two Kilkenny cats themselves darted more furious glances of mortal defiance at each other, as they commenced that most celebrated encounter which terminated in the complete demolition and annihilation of both, with the exception of their tails, than do a couple of English heroes while they discuss, each his solitary repast, in the opposite corners of a coffee-room. A foreigner would imagine that that eye just raised from the newspaper beamed with concentrated malice and long-cherished enmity—would fancy it meant to say, “You are the very man whose throat I’ve been so long anxious to cut;” but no—it is only intended to convey his opinion that the interchange of a civil word or two is, under existing circumstances, quite impossible. I speak rather of young men, for common sense

will come with age, despite all fashion and prejudice.

This well-merited eulogium passed upon the French people generally is also intended as an acknowledgment to our *vis-a-vis* friends in particular, for rendering the journey, by their gaiety and good-humour, as little tedious as it could be. The *coupé* contained a precious morsel of mortality fashioned into a very dapper little fellow, evidently on the most amicable footing with himself, and who, on minute inspection, I determined in my own mind was either a dancing master or a teacher of the guitar: I could not discover which of the two accomplishments he professed, nor perhaps does it much matter. The other seemed a flippant, swaggering, and vulgar personage, clothed in a bright green coat, with pockets at the sides and large brass buttons, and wearing a velvet travelling-cap elaborately bedizened with tinsel braid, and a silver star on the top. All who are acquainted with the Continent must have seen fac-s miles very

often, and will doubtless picture to themselves the exact animal without further description.

Oh man, man ! thou fascinating and all-engrossing subject ! and woman, more fascinating still ! why will ye so greedily claim the pages which ought rather to be devoted to travellers' tales, and notices of nature's beauties and the monuments of art ? Why so stealthily drain my pen, as though ye grudged even the careless and unwilling mention of aught beside ? But what is to be, must be : and while ye remain so infinite in the variety of your species—so strange in your actions—so comical in your appearance, and so inscrutable in your hearts—I fear I can never throw you off, nor turn my face to the contemplation of those objects which I feel I cannot be pardoned for neglecting.

In justice to myself, however, I do wish to record that the exquisite scenery which feasted our eyes during the first two hours' drive along the banks of the Danube, was not altogether lost upon me. I do not think a painter's or a

poet's imagination could have arranged wood, water, rocks, villages, and ruins, with greater effect. The surface of the river was smooth as glass, and reflected every object that studded the opposite slope with beautiful distinctness. There certainly is something surpassingly lovely in the character of this particular branch of the picturesque, because it looks so gentle, unpretending, and comprehensible:—there is no saying what may happen to a man; perhaps I may yet confess myself a disciple of the Syntax school, and be seen on my peregrinations with a sketch-book in one hand and a parasol in the other.

The evening too was one of which the gods (although I presume they order fine weather whenever they please) might envy us the enjoyment. The setting sun was taking his last lingering look at the cloudless sky he had traversed in his glory—the soft evening zephyr fell, like the touch of satin, upon our faces; and we seemed to inhale health and strength, and

life itself, with that elastic atmosphere, which can be sufficiently appreciated by none who have not gasped under the pressure of a Mediterranean sirocco. What pleasure can be more exquisite than breathing—existing during such a day as this?—a day which, alas! but rarely shines upon us in our father-land. I would paraphrase the king's confession in *Bombastes* :—

“I love my queen, and Distaffina too,”

and say, “I love my country, but I love more sunny climes too,” for my *amor patriæ* has not quite cheated *me* into the conviction, as it has many others, that our seasons are as much more delicious than those of any other part of the world, as we are more fortunate in divers other respects where our superiority does not admit of dispute. I cannot allow that a grate, however well filled with coals, recompenses us for the loss of the genial warmth of a summer's sun; especially when this great difference is taken into consideration, namely, that one throws out

its heat for the benefit only of those whose purses are long enough to permit their indulgence in the luxury, whereas the other gladdens equally the whole face of creation, and beams as brightly on the peasant as on the peer. By the way, peers and peasants are always pitted against each other; it's a regular rule, because both begin with a *p*; the euphony is so striking. I beg pardon, but it really refreshes me to descend from the author to the critic, particularly after having taken rather a lofty flight in the former capacity. I was about to remark, moreover, when I interrupted myself, that these same sentiments lead me to prefer in like manner the turf which nature has spread for us far and wide, to the meagre limits of the richest carpet that ever spread its gaudy colours and puzzling patterns in an English drawing-room; and that to me it is more charming to shelter myself from heat beneath the shade of an old tree, than behind the prettiest bird-of-paradise that ever displayed its worsted finery on the most magnifi-

cent of fire-screens. The fact is, that England is beyond all comparison the most comfortable *in-doors* country upon earth, and we have made it so in self-defence, finding that to live any considerable part of our time *out-of-doors* is altogether impossible. I acknowledge that we have done our best: I acknowledge that our ingenuity has been exerted to the utmost in endeavouring to reconcile us to the miseries of our unhappy climate, and to chase away that fiend, "Ennui," which our eternal fogs and drizzles will occasionally conjure up: I even acknowledge (to draw a more distinct and palpable picture) that an English after-dinner scene, embracing a cheerful blaze—merry faces—and sundry decanters with and without handles, is not without its charms; but the balmy breath and blue sky of one Italian evening are worth a thousand such.

But to return to my corner in the *malle-poste*: the young Frenchman informed us that a true lover of the picturesque could enjoy no greater

treat than would be afforded him by descending the Danube in a small boat, which can be hired for the purpose, from Ratisbon to Lintz. He described the scenery as being the most varied and beautiful that can be imagined; and from the specimens which I saw myself, I am by no means inclined to suspect him of exaggeration. But night at length closed in upon us, and Nature's charms, upon which we had just lavished so much admiration, having shared the common fate of everything and everybody, viz. being, because "out of sight, out of mind" also, the conversation was turned, in compliment to the lady, upon *female fashions* in general; the rapid strides which the civilised world was making towards a thorough acquaintance with the whole art and mystery of dress—the vast importance of the study, and the wickedness of neglecting it, were all duly discussed in turn, and many were the sage observations and moral reflections which graced the sundry speeches then and there delivered. The respective merits

and faults of every different cap, bonnet, and sleeve, which has been successively adopted and laid aside during the last few years, were considered and re-considered, and pointed out with the utmost minuteness ; and this interesting conversation had not lasted very long ere a vision of a milliner's shop window gradually rose before my mind's eye ; it grew more and more distinct ; I saw each individual turban on its lofty perch ; I saw—in short, I fell fast asleep ; notwithstanding which, however, (as Berkeley since informed me,) I continued to perform my part in the discussion just as well as before.

Sept. 7th.—At some such wretched hour as four A. M. we halted at a small village inn, where we were permitted to drink a cup of *café au lait*, which, though a beverage as simple in its preparation and composition as almost any that can be named, is not to be procured either for love or money throughout the whole extent of Great Britain, from John O'Groats house to the Land's End. I only state the fact, but as to the why

and the wherefore, 'tis a problem to the solution of which I feel my abilities to be totally unequal. As I gazed round the room, I could not help remarking how very ugly people look early in the morning after having slept in a coach all night; but I must do the lady the justice to say that she had performed wonders towards recovering her wonted appearance: the cap was set straight—the bow *pulled out* (which I believe is the technical term)—frills smoothed down, and ringlets arranged, all in an incredibly short space of time: it seemed the effect of magic, for only two minutes before I think she looked decidedly the least comely of the lot. By degrees, however, all signs of disorder were effaced, and, by the time we resumed our places in the *malle-poste*, she was quite herself again.

We were not overturned, nor did anything worthy of mention occur until our arrival at the town of Brannau, which took place about mid-day. Here we left our comparatively comfortable conveyance for a great lumbering *eilwagon*

which carried six inside as usual; and, to add to our misery, the gentleman in the spangled forage-cap joined our party. He contrived by some means to stick himself into one of the corners, and scarcely had he taken his seat, when an elderly and rather aristocratic-looking personage, with a pretty delicate girl hanging on his arm, opened the coach-door, and, addressing our friend, said that the young lady was going to Munich, and would be glad of a corner place, which he should feel everlastingly obliged to *Monsieur*, if he would be so kind as to give up to her. Now, of all this *Monsieur* pretended not to hear one word, and, instead of making any answer, stared vacantly at the opposite window, whistled a lively air, and beat time with his fingers. The old gentleman again explained his wishes, and appealed to the politeness of our hero, who half turned towards him, and, with a face of mild but most determined impudence, merely said, "*Plaît-il, Monsieur ?*" and flung himself back deep into the recesses of that co-

veted corner, which it was now very clear he had not the smallest intention of resigning. Berkeley had the opposite seat, which I need hardly say was immediately offered to the lady and thankfully accepted.

Now this man was a Frenchman, and as such, I have no doubt, habitually courteous on all occasions when no sacrifice was required on his part; but in the present case his own personal comfort was at stake, and *that* was too much for him. The anecdote which I have just related is exactly the one which would be quoted by an Englishman to prove the truth of his favourite assertion, that French politeness is worth nothing. I have heard at different times an immense quantity of nonsense talked on this subject, and have kept my temper to admiration; but I must not let slip so fair an opportunity of entering my protest against such foolish arguments and pernicious doctrines. In the first place, then, suppose that politeness be ever so hollow and superficial, yet surely it holds good

in all cases where there is no opening for the display of any more solid virtue: politeness, moreover, is a pleasant thing in itself, and, were it only that it renders easy and agreeable the every-day intercourse between civilised beings, ought to be encouraged and appreciated. Secondly, it has been said that this politeness is provoking in people whom you know to be so selfish, that they would scarce step out of their way to save your life. Well, this is certainly the most extraordinary *provocation* that ever ruffled the temper of man! One good quality actually becomes an offence because it is not linked with another: by this rule, a man would forswear oysters because he found no pearls in them. But as to selfishness, who is to cast the first stone at the guilty? Show me the country where men are *not* selfish, and I promise to emigrate forthwith.

But to proceed, (and it is time we should,)—having crossed the river Inn, we arrived at the Bavarian frontier. Here it was of course ne-

cessary that our baggage should be searched, so we all "*pleased to alight*," as the chambermaids say at the "Red Lion," and a female porter of truly surprising strength and dimensions climbed on to the roof, and commenced handing down the most ponderous trunks, which seemed no more than band-boxes in her grasp. Every portmanteau, bag, box, parcel, and package, was duly opened and examined, and, as is invariably the case on these occasions, not one contraband article discovered; although I alone possessed at least a dozen such, which I had been at no pains whatever to conceal.

This little business delayed us upwards of an hour, when off we started again, Berkeley and I having this time taken our seats in the *coupé*. Mercy on us! how slowly these foreigners are content to creep about the world! We laugh at our stage-coach advertisements of a hundred years back, in which some public-spirited and enterprising proprietor pompously announces that passengers may leave Edinburgh on the

Monday morning, and be safely set down in London (God willing) some day during the following week : and yet on the continent travelling is almost at as low an ebb to this day. One cannot calculate on clearing more than five miles an hour, whereas in England we move at more than double that speed. This great difference seems the more unreasonable, when we consider that a peace of more than twenty years' duration, and which is still unbroken, has brought all European countries so near to each other that they are enabled mutually to take hints from their neighbours in the most trivial matters: thus we learn cooking and dressmaking from the French; singing and fiddling from the Italians; and why should *they* not learn travelling from *us*? The state of their roads offers no impediment, for I have been surprised to find that they are, generally speaking, excellent,—very little inferior to our own.

I trust I may be excused for quarrelling with the good folks on account of their apathy in this:

respect, for, believe me, the snail-like pace of five miles an hour begins to be felt most acutely on the approach of the third successive night's journeying. I'm sure I could have sung

"Shades of evening close not o'er us,"

with great feeling and pathos; however, it did not occur to me at the moment, nor unfortunately did it occur to me to take coat or cloak of any description into the *coupé* with me, which, being an open one, did not shelter us from a bitter east wind which blew in our teeth all night. I had the additional misfortune to occupy the middle seat, so that what with falling asleep and waking again immediately from very torture of cold and aching bones, my head bobbing down one moment, and bobbing up again the next, in consequence of having nothing to lean against, and the endurance of all the miseries which those who have travelled in the middle place must so well understand, and with which I hope from my soul those who have *not* may never be-

come acquainted, I passed a very uncomfortable time of it.

Sept. 8th.—At about four o'clock this morning we drove into the coach-office yard at Munich.

"*Il fait joliment froid!*!" remarked the little dancing-master who was our companion in the *coupé*.

"*Joliment froid!*!" said I, enraged at so inadequate an expression, "why I'm half dead."

But the lucky little rascal was well muffled up, and had slept to all appearance as soundly as though he had been in bed all night. The most excruciating tortures, however, are no sooner past than they are forgotten; and the first thing we did was to secure places to Stuttgart by an *eilwagon* which started at ten o'clock. It was agreed that the intermediate time could not be spent better under existing circumstances than in bed, where it must be admitted we had of late reposed little enough.

With this laudable object in view, therefore,

we proceeded to the nearest hotel, where we were met with the gratifying intelligence that all the bed-rooms were occupied; but a saving clause was added, to the effect that some people were expected to take their departure in the course of an hour, when beds could be made up for us on the sofas of their *salon*. The *garçon* politely conducted us to the *salle-à-manger*, requested us to take a seat, (Lord help the poor man ! the very last thing we wanted, for we had already been *seated* nearly half a week,) and then left us to while away the next hour as best we could. A *salle-à-manger* is a comfortless looking place at all times, but at four o'clock in the morning particularly so ; however, there was no help for it, so we paced up and down the apartment in such an excessively bad humour, that neither of us thought it prudent to make any further attempt at conversation, than occasionally grumbling out such a truism touching the unpleasantness of our position as was quite incontrovertible.

The odious people did not take their departure until we had waited nearly two hours instead of one, so that we could not *turn in* much before six o'clock, and were called again at nine. "I won't stir," said I to myself.

"But you have taken your place," whispered a little voice.

"D—— (I mean) confound the place," said I again.

"But you've *paid* for it," said the voice.

That settled the matter—so up I jumped and called Berkeley, with whom I went through the same short dialogue with precisely the same result. By the way, I take much credit to myself for the unprecedented honesty with which I have confessed to this little nap, since nothing would have been easier *on paper* than merely to have refreshed myself with a cup of coffee, hired a *domestique de place*, and, making the *eilwagon* start at two p. m. *vice* ten a. m., to have introduced my readers to some of the lions in this town of Munich. Yes, I have virtuously withheld a most tempting opportunity of enriching

my journal with a description of gardens, museums, churches, and picture galleries; for with Mrs. Starke's book at my elbow, what could have been easier? I could, moreover, have drawn upon my invention for a few personal incidents and a little minute detail, which would have thrown such an air of reality over the morning's ramble, that not even a suspicion could have been entertained of the whole being no more than a "work of fiction." But I have already said that when first I put pen to paper I made up my mind not to embellish at the expense of truth, and now that I am about to lay it aside, it is scarcely worth while to break through my resolution. Besides, I do believe "*honesty is the best policy,*" and trust it will not be expected that the victim who is ordered to accomplish the journey from Vienna to Brussels in eight days should see much on the road.

Well, then, between ourselves, we did in fact achieve nothing beyond sleeping and eating our breakfast, after which we repaired to the (*anglicé*) coach-office, and resigned ourselves with

exemplary cheerfulness to the same torture from which we had just enjoyed so short a respite. There were six inside of course, but by a strange coincidence we were all English. Now if this had happened anywhere in Belgium, Switzerland, or Italy—countries which may now be said to be *inhabited* by English—there would have been nothing at all strange in it; but Munich lies a little out of the way, so that the circumstance was a surprise to us, and an agreeable one too, inasmuch as almost everything is valued for its scarcity, and we had latterly met with few who spoke our mother tongue. We had also the further good fortune to number two young ladies among our party, so that there was every prospect of its being as pleasant as a party of this sort *can* be.

The conversation commenced *selon les règles* with a touch of the formal, which was succeeded by the general, which soon hit upon the mutually interesting, which glided into the familiar, which warmed into the confidential. On ordinary

occasions this progression of acquaintanceship occupies years ; but in cases like the present, where people meet for the first time and in all probability never meet again, I think they do wisely to break through the usual custom, and, considering the duration of the journey as the term of a little life, to reduce the time which is commonly devoted to the aforesaid progression in a similar ratio ; so that (to use the allegorical phraseology of the East) the blossom of introduction may ripen somewhat more quickly into the fruit of friendship.

Thus, then, having satisfactorily gone through the preliminaries of studying each other's physiognomy, treading on our neighbour's toe, begging his pardon, hoping that every one had plenty of room, and ascertaining whether the ladies preferred the windows open or shut, somebody, bolder than the rest, hazarded an opinion to the effect that it was "*a fine day*," in which we all coincided, some venting their admiration on the fields, others on the sky, and others ob-

serving that a fine day was more delightful than a rainy day. Despite the scoffs of the thoughtless, I maintain that a remark concerning the fitness of the day (always premising that it *is really* a fine day) is the very best and safest commencement of a conversation, because it leaves no opening for the most quarrelsome or argumentative companion to make himself disagreeable by contradicting you. But the weather is a subject which, however well spun out, must shortly come to an end; so we next talked of merry England, and, as might be expected, some one very soon discovered that he knew a man whose cousin had married a lady who had heard her aunt say, that in her younger days she had danced with the father of a man who was the schoolfellow of a man whom some one else knew: this fact being established beyond all doubt, we rapidly advanced through the other stages of intimacy which have been already mentioned.

But I must exchange our *home view* for one

as singularly extensive as this has been confined. What think you of the eye stretching across sixty or seventy miles of plain, fenced in by a range of the Tyrolese Alps, whose dark forests, rugged precipices, and snowy peaks, rose up with surprising distinctness at that distance on our left? I am an enthusiastic admirer of mountains, *provided always* that they are a long way off; because I well know the parties of pleasure (!) which would infallibly be made up to ascend them, were they within a *rideable* distance; and I am also tolerably well acquainted with the unspeakable agonies which are invariably the lot of those who join in these said *parties of pleasure*. I remember going on one occasion to sleep nine thousand feet above the level of comfort to see the sun rise; and I remember that during the ascent we were at different times exhausted with heat, perished with cold, and drenched with rain; that when we arrived at the summit we found nothing to eat, no fire, and no beds; and that on the following morn-

ing, when we ought to have reaped the meagre reward of our troubles and privations, we found ourselves enveloped in a cloud so dense that we could hardly see a yard before us. With a lively recollection, therefore, of this and similar expeditions, I carefully avoid putting myself in the way of undergoing another *series*, and I think not without reason.

One of the young ladies appeared to be very delicate, and was provided with numerous smelling bottles filled with essence of salts, aromatic vinegar, and other restoratives, which were in constant requisition. Her sister seemed inclined to quiz her in a good-humoured way, and slyly mentioned several things which are supposed to have the property of aggravating or even producing a sensation of sickness; but it was reserved for me to give the *coup de grâce*, by observing (though with a face expressive of the utmost concern, and in a tone of hearty commiseration,) that I felt convinced that the sudden stop at the bottom of a hill to take off the drag,

and then that short *hitch* back, and then another sudden stop, and then a *jerk* forwards again, must be particularly unpleasant to her. I was quite right, for the bare idea was almost too much. I won't be sure—but if any person inside a carriage, with a very bad headache, on a very hot day, and just after swallowing a mouthful of dust, will do me the favour to think for a moment of these stops and jerks—I say I won't be sure, but I'm inclined to imagine that sickness will be the immediate consequence. With such pleasant discourse did we beguile the hours till night-fall, when my fellow-travellers went to sleep, and left me to envy their happy state of unconsciousness.

Sept. 9th.—At day-break this morning we arrived at Ulm, and took our final leave of a personage whose name has long figured conspicuously in my journal—the Father of European waters—the magnificent, majestic Danube. We were obliged to remain here for an hour or two, that our baggage might be searched on entering

the king of Wurtemburg's dominions. After this ceremony we went to breakfast at an hotel, where I took the opportunity of looking at myself in the glass, and not finding my personal appearance exactly what I could have wished, and being influenced by that natural desire, which most men feel, to show to the best advantage, especially in the presence of ladies, I determined on effecting a *demi-toilette*, and retraced my steps to the *Douane* for the necessary implements, where the officers took me into custody for running away with my own carpet-bag ; but the key which opened it being found in my possession, they explained that my suspicious appearance led them to form an erroneous opinion of my character, and made many other *apologies*.

Having been released, therefore, I carried my hardly-earned *sac de nuit* to the hotel—made myself as irresistible as the short space of time at my disposal would permit—ate my breakfast, and once more took my place in the eilwagon, which deposited us safely at Stuttgard before

sunset. Here I made up my mind to treat myself to a real, full, and complete night's rest in a *real* bed; so I duly communicated my determination to Berkeley, who, true to the give-and-take principle upon which we have always travelled together, and in compliance with a mutual understanding that the one is never to oppose what the other has evidently set his heart upon, immediately acquiesced; though in this case the sacrifice was not so very great; for, after having been jolted during four successive nights in a diligence, I think few would consider it a grievance to be constrained to pass the fifth in a bed. As to the honour and glory which accrue to a person for performing a given number of miles within a particularly short space of time, I confess I do not so greatly value them, since I am convinced that if I could sit in a carriage for ten consecutive days and nights, there is many a bandy-legged post-boy to be found who could sit for twenty, and be much less fatigued into the bargain.

Besides, nothing can be worse in every respect

than this hurried travelling: in the first place, as to information—you can learn very little of the laws, manners, customs, and condition of the inhabitants (as a title-page expresses it:) for instance, I might just as well have been traversing a tract of country in Australia, as scrambling, after this fashion, through Austria, Bavaria, and Wurtemburg: the not remaining, however, in the large towns by the way forms my least regret, because in all such throughout Europe the people are very much alike. In the second place, as to Comfort—a word which takes its place at the very top of the C's in my vocabulary—Comfort and hurry can never agree: oil and vinegar, Tories and Radicals, are not more abhorrent from each other. Thus the usual system of continental tourists seems to be to race from one *show* town to another, enjoying themselves when stationary for a few days, but content to deliver themselves up to any fatigue or privation while actually on the move: one half of the time is spent in luxury, and the other in

misery. But why not make the *whole* tour pleasant? Why not be at your ease while on your journey to Vienna, or Naples, or any other gay city, as well as when you arrive there? But, after all, I suppose people do as they like. All I mean to say is, no more travelling against time for *me* :—I wish I could catch that gentleman who seemed to fancy I was made like a *kitchen clock*—to go for eight days without winding up: O' my conscience, I'm much beholden to him !

After dinner we proceeded, under the guidance of a valet-de-place, to look at the king's stable, which is a handsome building, and contains, without any division, an hundred and thirty stalls, which are ranged sixty-five on either hand, leaving a broad space in the middle. Of these no less than an hundred and eleven were occupied. His Majesty's stud consists of horses from all countries, but principally English and Arabians. The whole establishment is kept in the most beautiful order. This was all the

sight-seeing we could accomplish, for our *domestique*, like all his brethren, insisted upon persecuting us with what, according to his valuation, was five-francs' worth of talk, and which sent us to bed early in a most lamentable state of exhaustion.

Sept. 10th.—Hired a carriage to take us as far as Carlsruhe, and started in a deluge of rain, which lasted the whole day. At a short distance from the town, my indignation was roused not a little at beholding a regiment of light troops skirmishing about the fields, just as though the weather were everything that could be desired. So true it is, that “a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind;” for hence, I doubt not, sprang all my commiseration. Arrived at Carlsruhe betimes in the evening.

I here conclude my journal, first, because I have arrived at the confines of anglicised Europe, and secondly, because I have also arrived at the confines of one moderately-sized post-octavo

volume, beyond which it is not my intention to try the patience of an “indulgent public.”

I would, however, before I make my final bow, say a few words to future travellers, in hopes that through my advice there may be less quarrelling among them than heretofore. Let no man, on finding himself excusively inclined, be over-careful in studying the map, and fall into the common error of regarding his route as a matter for primary, and his companion for secondary consideration. Let him first of all select from among his friends a man upon whose temper and good feeling he can, under all circumstances, rely: thus attended, his path will be pleasant, no matter in what direction he may bend his steps. Let him also put no trust in the generally-received but fallacious argument, that in choosing a companion whose tastes and habits are similar to his own, he must necessarily have chosen well: no such thing—it is altogether unreasonable to expect that the dis-

positions of two men should be so precisely alike as alone to guarantee continued harmony : it were better to depend upon something of firmer foundation—on some steady, well-regulated principle of good humour, good sense, and disinterestedness, which will never be liable to be seriously affected by any of the petty accidents and annoyances, of which the tourist, of all men in the world, must look for his full share.

I am, moreover, perfectly convinced, paradoxical as it may seem, that people who consent to be travelling companions, because of a similarity of general views, tastes, and sentiments, are *not* likely to agree well together ; I will even go so far as to say, that for this very reason none can be *less* likely to agree well together ; and I am confident that experience will bear me out in the assertion. They start with the supposition that it is next to impossible for them to quarrel—every day will prove to them how easy is the process : they find that on

many points they do *not* happen to be of the same mind—and then they are disappointed and dissatisfied with each other. They, on the contrary, who do not thus flatter themselves at the outset—who are aware that offences *must* come—that slight differences *must* arise—take their departure with a pre-determination to be as little selfish as possible, and trusting that their mutual esteem and friendship will alike render the one willing to make a sacrifice, and the other unwilling to exact it.

It has been truly remarked, that you may know a man better by travelling with him for a week, than by keeping up an ordinary acquaintance with him for ten years; but I do no more than bare justice to those in whose company I have, on several occasions, had the pleasure of journeying, when I say that I have only known them the better to like and value them the more. I have certainly been most fortunate in my fellow-travellers—never more so than in the present instance.

It only remains for me to add, that we descended the Rhine as far as Cologne, at which place we took the diligence to Brussells,—amused ourselves there for a few days—then proceeded by the railway to Antwerp, where we embarked for England, and arrived in our native land before the expiration of our Three Months' Leave.

And now, my kind companion, whoever you may be, I wish you heartily farewell. My *companion* I trust you have felt yourself—and *kind* you are in that you have borne with me so long. If, during the time we have journeyed together, I have not offended in treating you with so little ceremony, I would least of all, at parting, school my pen to rounded paragraphs and empty flourishes of words. I assure you that, albeit in no wise less ambitious than other people, I look for no higher reward than that our leave-taking be in amity: let me

hope also, though I can have but few pretensions to your favourable opinion as a critic, that your indulgence as a Friend will not condemn this our first meeting to be the last.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY IBOTSON AND PALMER,
SAVOY STREET.







